

# SPIRIT

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### ROUSSEAU: HIS ELOISE, AND CONFESSIONS.

THERE never yet existed an author who so completely divided the suffrages of the literary world as Rousseau. By one party he has been cried up as an angel; by another, he has been written down as a *dæmon*. One class says he is above all praise; another, beneath all contempt. This reader finds in his ethics the very perfection of nature; that, the utmost plausibility of art. Meanwhile, all agree in this one point—namely, that, whether justly or unjustly, he has exercised a despotic influence over his age; taught the most indifferent to feel, the shallowest to think, the most abject to stickle for freedom of thought and action. Unlike Voltaire—who disseminated his most pestilent doctrines, and broke down the barriers of truth, reason, and moral and religious rectitude, by dint of searching irony—Rousseau enforces his opinions by the most winning and specious sensibility. He reaches the reason through the heart, or as he himself says, in his mistaken character of Lord Edouard, "*C'est le chemin des passions qui m'a conduit à la philosophie.*" We do not, in the following cursory sketch, intend to be the apologists of this extraordinary writer—to palliate his glaring obliquities of thought, his insidious sentiments, or distorted truisms: these sufficiently condemn themselves without our aid; all that we here profess to do is to account for their origin, to trace their progress, and to show how, notwithstanding their apparent moral

beauty, they led, as they must always lead, from sophistry to doubt, from doubt to despair, from despair to utter, irretrievable desolation.

From his earliest infancy, Rousseau, who inherited from nature the utmost fragility of constitution—which, by the way, is one of the strongest fosterers of intellect—was, by the force of circumstances, thrown upon himself for his amusements. At an early age, he was apprenticed to a clock-maker at Geneva, whom he describes, in his *Confessions*, as a man just sufficiently intellectual for his occupation, but nothing more. With this person he could of course hold no communion—no interchange of thought or sentiment; his extreme delicacy of frame, nervous to a degree bordering at times upon madness, equally forbade his engaging in the usual sports of childhood, and he was consequently thrown upon books for his recreation; which books, had they been supplied to him by some sound, well-ordered, and enlightened individual, might, in due course of time, have given a philosopher instead of a sophist to the world. Unluckily, they were all, with one or two exceptions, of a chivalrous and romantic cast—there was little or no equipoise to counteract their effect; and it may readily be conceived what impression such works, fascinating at any period of life, must have made upon the unformed mind of a youth, who had never known the salutary restraints

of scholastic discipline, had never been taught to bridle his passion, to tame his enthusiasm, or square his imagination agreeably to the dictates of a healthy judgment. Of course, the first effect produced by such books was a disgust for his mechanical occupation. We do not remember the precise way in which this aversion showed itself, or whether Rousseau's father were living at the time; but we distinctly recollect that the embryo sophist ran away from his employer, and pursued his course, unaccompanied, except by a bounding heart, and a slight—a very slight—stock of money, over the heaths and mountains of his native land. In one of these excursions, he chanced to light upon two young ladies whom he assisted over a running stream, and at whose house—“*si ritè audita recordamur*”—he spent one or two delightful days. This incident, though trifling and scarcely worth mention in itself, is important as it regards Rousseau. His ever-creative mind, fascinated by the courtesy of these fair Unknowns, at once robed them in drapery selected from the wardrobe of a well-filled fancy; and, as the reality of their appearance wore off, it laid the foundation of that beautiful idealism, which Madame de Warrens strengthened, Madame de Houdetot confirmed, and which afterwards shone forth, to the admiration and regret of thousands, in the unequalled character of Eloise.

It was some time after this rencontre, that, fatigued with walking, hungry, penniless, and dispirited—the past wretched, the future a blank—the young Rousseau knocked for charity at the gate of a good-natured widow lady, named De Warrens, who at once, with all the generous inconsiderateness of a woman, listened to his petition, gave him good advice, supplied him with food and money, and sent him home. To this acquaintance—thus, strangely commenced—must be traced much, indeed the greater part, of those singular obliquities in judgment and feeling which deformed the

otherwise acute mind of Rousseau. Circumstances, or as he himself would call it, destiny, threw him, some years afterwards, when a youth of one or two and twenty, for the second time, into the hands of this lady. But, alas! at this period his acquaintance was not without dishonor. By degrees he secured for himself an interest in her heart, which, however, in the headlong infatuation of the moment, he was content to share with another. From this hour, his mind received a warp; from this hour, he learned to become sophistical, in order to justify his own excesses, and opinions insincere at first, acquired by long habit, and by being perpetually brooded over, an air of decided truth.—The daily romance of his life—for Rousseau now lived wholly with Madame de Warrens, unoccupied, except in rambling about his sublime neighborhood, where he familiarized himself with the loftiest forms of natural beauty, and fed and strengthened a strong but diseased mind—confirmed these opinions; until, at length, all that was sound and sterling in thought gave place to art and sophistry. This meditative and impassioned mode of life, which, while it strengthens the sensibility, wholly unfits it for society, was pursued by Rousseau for many years. Occasionally, indeed, he visited Paris, where his exquisite relish for music, and the circumstance of his having composed a successful opera, procured him admittance into the highest circles; but his mind could not adapt itself to the etiquette of a court,—his pride, too, forbade all approach to friendship, and he lived a hermit even within the atmosphere of Versailles. Before this, we should observe, he had, from some cause or other, separated himself from Madame de Warrens, and now lodged in the house of a Swiss family, with one member of which, a girl named Theresa, about nineteen years of age, he carried on a dishonorable intercourse. As if this in itself were not sufficiently degrading, he rendered it still more so, by sending the poor offsprings of his guilt to the Foundling

Hospital at Paris, upon some plausible plea, which he had the insufferable audacity to defend in conversation, and also at considerable length in his "Confessions." Meanwhile, to satisfy his notions of independence, and secure what he called "freedom of thought and action," he employed himself in copying music, by which drudgery he contrived to earn a decent subsistence up to the moment when he was taken under the especial protection of the august family of Montmorenci. Shortly after his introduction to this family, at their express desire, conveyed to him in the most flattering terms, Rousseau quitted Paris, and went to reside with them at a small cottage, built for him near their own mansion; where, partly to beguile leisure, partly to put forth his peculiar notions on all subjects where the heart is concerned, he engaged in the composition of *Eloise*, which, when published one or two years afterwards, turned the hearts and heads of France, and rendered its author an object of universal attraction.

It was about this period that the fatal warp in judgment, of which we have before spoken, put forth in Rousseau's mind all its most diseased and humiliating eccentricities. Nursed in solitude, he had formed notions of friendship which reality was sure to disappoint. He had expected to meet in life with the "faultless monsters" of fancy. Every fresh acquaintance was accordingly hailed at first with the utmost enthusiasm, which, however, soon subsided; disgust ensued, then suspicion, then alienation, and, finally, invincible aversion. It was in this way that his connexion with Diderot, D'Alembert, Voltaire, Saint Lambert, Grimm (to whose gossiping memoirs we owe so much delightful scandal), and a hundred others, began: in this way, too, it terminated. Even the noble family of the High Constable—to whom Rousseau was indebted for almost every comfort his hypochondriacal temperament would permit him to enjoy—were not secure in his mind from re-

proach. This evinced itself in the most petty and humiliating manner. If they ever invited him to the château, it was, he said, to make a butt of him; if they respected his infirmities and his solitude, they treated him, he would add, with contempt: either way, they were sure to be wrong, and himself the injured party. Such feelings—which, though carried to the extreme in Rousseau, are by no means restricted to him—are the necessary results of an ill-balanced temperament. While youth lasts, they are in some degree kept under by the generous buoyancy, and freedom from distrust, of that age; but as years roll on, and the simplicity of life becomes discolored with the taint of the world, the counteracting power is lost, and the mind compelled to drift headlong at the mercy of a wild, capricious, and jaundiced disposition. Rousseau's invariable defect was the substitution of feeling for principle. He had few speculative opinions independently of sentiment: this with him was everything; it made him the leading writer of his age, and it made him a wretch. He seemed altogether to throw overboard the notion that man is as much a creature of reason as of sensibility; he objected to Hume that he was dispassionate, and to Voltaire that he was a wit—as if such peculiarities were not strictly within the province of nature, as much, and even more so, than his own forced and heated fancy. But he paid the penalty—and a dreadful penalty it was—of this infirm quality of mind. After hurrying from place to place—from Geneva to the Hermitage, from the Hermitage to the Borromean islands; after being driven from one country with contempt, and received in another with enthusiasm; after wandering for years over Europe, and even venturing into the extreme recesses of Wales—this poor, wretched misanthrope—alone, forlorn, deserted in his age, owning kindred with none, rejecting pity with scorn, and repaying kindness with distrust; a pensioner, yet professing indepen-

dence ; a slave, yet a braggart of his freedom—returned once again to Paris, from which, after a brief, restless stay, he finally set out for one of the adjacent provinces, there to close his eyes and die.

The manner of his death has been variously related. Some say that he committed suicide ; others, that he was attacked with a fit of epilepsy ; others, that he fell a victim to that unconquerable dejection which for years had been preying on and withering the energies of his mind and body. In this state of doubt we shall, as a matter of course, incline to the charitable side, and take as our guide a slight memoir penned a few days after his decease, and widely circulated throughout Paris. According to this narrative, Rousseau had been ailing for some weeks ; but it was not until within a day or two of his death that he anticipated the slightest danger. His love of nature—and this, be it said to his honor, was an enthusiastic passion that neither age nor infirmity could quench—remained with him to the last. He rambled daily to a summer-house situated at the bottom of his garden, and there, seated with some favorite book in his hand, would send his thoughts abroad into eternity, on whose threshold he was even then unconsciously standing. A few friends who lived near him, and who, by respecting his infirmities, had, somehow or other, contrived to preserve his good opinion, occasionally called in to see him ; and to them only was his approaching change apparent : he himself was alternately sanguine and desponding to the last. On the morning of his dissolution, he had risen sooner than usual, and after passing the earlier parts of the day in pain, grew considerably better towards evening, and requested to be wheeled out in a low garden-chair towards his favorite summer-house. The day until twelve o'clock had been clouded, but it cleared up at noon, and the freshness of the air, the hum of the insects, and the fragrant perfume of the flowers as they lifted up their

heads after the rain, revived the languid spirits of the invalid. For a few minutes he remained absorbed in thought, in which state he was found by a neighbor who had accidentally called in to pay him a visit. " See," said Rousseau, as he approached, " how beautifully the sun is setting ! I know not why it is, but a presentiment has just come over me, that I am not doomed to survive it. Yet I should scarcely like to go before it has set, for it will be a satisfaction to me—strange, perhaps, as it may seem to you—that we should both leave the world together." His friend (it is he himself that relates the story) was struck by the singular melancholy of this remark, more especially as the philosopher's countenance bore but too evident an impress of its probable truth. Accordingly, he strove with officious kindness to divert the stream of Rousseau's thoughts : he talked to him of indifferent matters, hoping thereby that he would regain his cheerfulness, but was concerned to find that every attempt was vain. Rousseau, at all times an egotist, was now solely occupied in the contemplation of himself and his approaching change. His thoughts were immovably fixed on death : he felt, he repeatedly exclaimed, that he was fast declining ; and, every now and then, after closing his eyes for a minute or so, would languidly open them again, as if for the purpose of remarking what progress the sun had made towards the west. He remained in this state of stupor for a considerable time, when suddenly he shook it off, gazed about him with nearly all his wonted animation, and after bursting into a feeble rhapsody about his unwearied love for nature, turned full towards the sun, with the devotional aspect of a Parsee. By this time, the evening had far advanced, and his friend endeavored to persuade him to return into the house. But no ; his last moments, he was resolved, should be spent in the open air. And they were so. Scarcely had the sun set, when the eyes of Rousseau began al-

so to close ; his breath grew thicker, and was drawn at longer intervals ; he strove to speak, but finding the effort vain, turned towards the friend at his elbow, and pointed with his hand in the direction of the red orb, which just at that moment dropped behind the horizon. This was his last feeble movement : an instant longer, and Rousseau had ceased to live.

We stop not to detail the particulars of the sensation that his death occasioned throughout France ; but, contenting ourselves with this brief and meagre, but impartial memoir, come at once to the consideration of his character as an author. And here, if we could forget the insidious principles that every where pervade his works, and lurk like thorns beneath the flowers of his intellect, our task would be one of unmingled praise. But we cannot do so ; a regard to the decencies of life compels us to remember that the writings of Rousseau teem with the most pestilential doctrines, couched in language so beautiful, so eloquent, that the fancy is flattered, while the judgment is wheedled on to its destruction. The *Eloise*—that unequalled model of style and grace—is full of a certain captivating simplicity that seems the inspiration of an unsophisticated nature. But it sets out on wrong principles ; it requires the reader to grant that female modesty and virtue are consistent with immoral indulgences, that vice is only vice when detected, and that the heart is the best and most correct moral guide through life. This last is an extravagant Utopian doctrine, at variance with principle, at variance with all that has made society what it is, and still contributes to preserve its decorum. Yet it is the key to unlock the mysteries of *Eloise*. The heroine is there represented as a young lady full of superlative sensibility, without judgment, without principle, though eternally boasting of both. Attached enthusiastically to Saint Preux, the friend and instructor of her youth, she is yet compelled, by the force of circumstances, to link her-

self and fortunes to an atheist. By this person she has a large family ; but, though guiltless of infidelity towards him, her mind has received a taint : she is, in fact, a speculative adulteress, from whose impassioned soul the wife is unable to root out the mistress. Her very last letter—that affecting composition which it is scarcely possible to read without tears—though dated from a death-bed, breathes the spirit of guilty and incurable infatuation. To make matters worse, the object of this infatuation returns, after a long absence, from abroad ; and, notwithstanding that his presence must be a perpetual memento of the past, replete with danger, Madame de Wolmar (the married name of *Eloise*) receives him with unfeigned ecstasy, and not only insists on his taking up his abode exclusively with her, but (grateful, no doubt, for the valuable moral principles which he had instilled into her own mind) is indiscreet—not to say mad—enough to propose him as a tutor to her children. As if her own invitation were not sufficient, her husband is persuaded to add his entreaties, even though that husband has been previously made acquainted with the circumstance of Saint Preux's former intimacy with his wife. Now all this, we roundly assert, is monstrous, and has no prototype in nature. When we say no prototype, we would be understood to mean that it has never been, and never will be, found connected with that refined sensibility and exquisite sense of decorum with which Rousseau has invested these inconsistent creations of his fancy. A wife anxious for her children's morals, proud of her husband, and passionately devoted to the pure and simple enjoyments of home, would never peril her own reputation, or that of her family, by encouraging an attachment framed in guilt, and at variance with the most obvious duties. If, however, she did encourage such attachment, she would not rest satisfied, as *Eloise*—and herein lies an additional violation of nature—is represented to have been, with the mere

theoretical enjoyments of guilt : she would at once reduce speculation to practice. In like manner, a husband described as being endowed with an almost romantic sense of honor, and even with a sceptical turn of mind that had its origin in principle, would never, consistently with these qualities, look with indifference on the hazardous condition of a wife who trod daily on a precipice enwreathed with flowers : he would either snatch her from the brink, or perish with her. But, supposing he relied on her virtuous self-possession for her safety, he would then show himself utterly unacquainted with the human heart ; so that, in either sense, whether viewed as a man of the world, or a man of honor, (and Rousseau invests him with both qualities in the extreme,) Monsieur de Wolmar must be set down as a picturesque but ludicrous anomaly.

As the characters of the Eloise are unnatural, so also are the sentiments—those, at least, which profess to adapt themselves to reality. They are couched, as we before observed, in sweet and honied language, yet inculcate the most pernicious morals. They bubble up with apparent artlessness from a good and benevolent heart, yet are tainted all over with miasma. Vice is taught to lisp the sentiments of a generous wisdom : the language of the Cecropian Pallas is mouthed by the Cyprian Venus ; Eloise prates of chastity, St. Preux of reason, and both, of the charms of patriarchal innocence and simplicity. It was upon a principle pretty similar to this, and at least with equal sincerity, that the Gracchi complained of sedition. It has been the object with many undoubted moral authors, to paint the fascinations of vice in the most alluring colors, in order to contrast it afterwards with the penalties it must pay perforce to virtue, and thus to work out a more obvious and impressive homily. This is not the case with Rousseau. Vice, throughout his Eloise, robed in the garb of modesty, is triumphant ; she is even

pitied, and monopolizes the tears due to her celestial adversary. Who, except by the determined efforts of a strong mind, can bear for an instant to condemn Madame de Wolmar—the beautiful—the sensitive—the confiding ? Who can forget the high-wrought, impassioned youth, her exceeding love of nature, of art, of all, in short, that contributes to the grace, the ornament, and the simplicity of existence ? Even up to the present moment, though years have elapsed, fashions have changed, and literature has diverged into new channels, she is ever visibly before us. The rocks of Meillerie breathe of her—Clarens is eloquent of her name—Vevay whispers it through all her woods—and the evening breeze, as it sighs over the blue waters of Geneva, repeats the last parting that rent the souls of herself and her unforgotten lover. She has a distinct—a separate—an undivided existence in our memories : for the Eloise, be it observed, is not a book to be laid aside with childhood ; it grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength ; we abjure its principles, but, despite ourselves, we hug its sensibility to our hearts ; and even when we repudiate it as the true *Liber Amoris*, or Book of Love, it puts forth new claims to our admiration by its exuberant fulness of ideas, its ingenious sophistry, and faultless style. We own throughout its pages the presence of a powerful and analytical mind, that has studied—deeply studied—the origin and progress of even its slightest emotions, and noted them down, fresh as they rose, one after the other, from patient and acute investigation, with all the overwhelming earnestness of sincerity.

The “Confessions,” like the “Eloise,” abounds in impassioned sentiment, but possesses in parts a vein of indignant sarcasm, of which the other is devoid. It is the history—and a mournful one it is—of Rousseau’s own mind ; of his progress from childhood to age, from first enthusiasm to final despair. It is full of detailed accounts of his connexion



with Madame de Warrens, Theresa, and his unrequited fondness for Madame de Houdetot, the plain but faithful mistress of Saint Lambert. It is, in fact, the autobiography of an ardent, self-willed mind, at one time capable of the loftiest flights of virtue; at another, equal to the most contemptible misdeeds. What can be more inconsistent than the candor that could afford to acknowledge that, in order to avoid punishment, it falsely accused a poor, unfriended maiden of theft, and the meanness that could stoop to act so? But, from first to last, Rousseau was the child of caprice: his actions were all impulses—they could never be relied on.

With regard to the literary excellence of his *Confessions*, it is lavish and splendid in the extreme. Each chapter abounds (as suits occasion) in passages of unaffected simplicity, of glowing declamation, of energetic scorn, and sweet descriptive beauty. In proof of this, we may adduce Rousseau's account of his first introduction to Madame de Houdetot—of his solitary walk every morning, to steal one kiss from this idol of his enthusiasm—of his proud expectations—unwearied attachment, which neither absence on his own part, nor indifference on that of his mistress, could extinguish—and of his subsequently blighted hopes. Nor is that passage to be forgotten wherein he describes his ecstatic feeling of enjoyment, while sailing about at evening in his boat, far away from the sight of the human countenance, and surrounded only by the grandest forms of nature—the towering mountain—the shrubless crag, the soft, luxuriant meadow, through whose daisied herbage wound a hundred silver rivulets, sparkling in the red sunset, and lapsing on their course in music and in happiness. Yet the whole passage—beautiful as it undoubtedly is, and conceived in the rapt fervor of poetic inspiration—is false to nature, and equivocal in sentiment. It is in direct contradiction to the experience of ages—surely entitled to some little

deference even from so headlong a reformer as Rousseau—which has left it on the records of a thousand volumes that the unreasonable indulgence of solitude is a factitious feeling, engendered by a diseased, and confirmed by an unsocial intellect. Amid passages, however, of such doubtful (to say the least of them) sensibility, it is delightful to catch now and then glimpses of another and a nobler nature. It is like the bursting in of sudden sunshine upon November's gloom. Of such a redeeming character is Rousseau's account of the periwinkle, which by accident he picked up in one of his Alpine botanical excursions. His simple exclamation of delight at the recognition, "Ah, voilà la pervenche!" goes deeper to the heart than a thousand elaborate homilies. It was not the mere flower itself, but the associations thereby engendered, that filled the philosopher's eyes with tears, as he pressed it with fervor to his lips. Eight and thirty years before, while rambling with Madame de Warrens through the same neighborhood, he had gathered that very flower. Time had nearly effaced the circumstance from his mind—age had crept over him—the object of his unceasing attachment had been long since consigned to earth; but here was a talisman to recal the past; this little simple mountain-plant bore about with it a magic power that could roll back the wheels of time, and array a haggard soul in the same sweet freshness which it wore in the morning of existence. As regards the pervading spirit of the *Confessions*, it is a work which sets out in a pensive vein of reflection, and terminates in the darkest, the fiercest misanthropy. Yet, whether for good or evil—whether to sear with scorn, or melt with tenderness—the spirit of a mighty genius moves along each page, free, undisguised, and unchartered as the wind. Indeed, had Rousseau shown but half as much talent in palliating misery as he has shown in forestalling and aggravating it, he would have been the greatest man that ever existed. But

baneful as is the character of his productions, they inculcate—the Confessions more especially—an impressive, but unconscious moral. They convince the unformed, wavering mind, that true happiness is only to be found where it holds in respect the social and the moral duties; that sensibility, without principle, is like the tower built by the fool upon the sands, which the very first wave swept into annihilation; and that every departure from reason is a departure from enjoyment, even though companioned by supreme abilities.

Having thus discussed impartially the character of Rousseau's chief works, it remains, as some slight apology for their obliquities, to say a few words respecting the age in which he flourished. He wrote at a period when the French mind, drugged with a long course of anodyne literature, made up from prescriptions unchanged through a tedious succession of ages, was eagerly prepared to receive any alternative that might exhilarate its intellectual constitution. Previous to his time, France was trammelled by Aristotelian regulations, which, whether for the drama, the closet, or the senate, prescribed one uniform style of composition—correct, but cold—polished, but insipid; founded essentially on the imitative, and deprecating—as was the case with the Augustan age in England, which derived its mental character from the French court—any departure from the old established classics of Greece and Rome as downright unadulterated heresy. Voltaire was the first to break through the ice of this formality: he threw a vivifying power into literature, which sparkled with a thousand coruscations, and drew forth the dormant energies of others. Rousseau was one of the master-spirits thus warmed into life: his predecessor, by his novel and brilliant paradoxes, had triumphantly led the way; France was henceforth prepared to be astonished—overwhelmed—electrified; and Rousseau answered every expectation. This, perhaps, is but a poor apology

for vice, that it adapts itself to the taste of the day; nevertheless, every man is more or less fashioned by the age in which he lives—few having, like our divine, unsullied Milton, the fortitude to precede it;—and if the gross immoralities of Beaumont and Fletcher, and still worse, of Congreve, Vanburgh, and Farquhar, are excused from consideration of the period in which they flourished, surely the same extenuating principle may with justice be applied to Rousseau? In addition to this, it must not be forgotten that his sentiments, however revolting they may appear to Englishmen, were, literally speaking, the received opinions of his country. They grew out of a courtly system of fashion which visited only with condemnation an uncouth person, bad address, churlish temper, or clownish dialect. At such a demoralized period—the necessary precursor of a revolution which should clear the polluted atmosphere—a man of first rate ability, a pander to the elegant sensuality of the age (which, according to Burke, lost “half its danger in losing all its grossness”), and an unflinching philosopher of the new school, was not likely to pass unnoticed. Rousseau felt this, wrote accordingly, and rendered himself immortal and a wretch. The secret of his success he has himself explained in a published conversation with Burke, wherein he observes, that finding the old vehicle of literature was crazy and worn out, he took upon himself the task of renewing the springs, repainting the panels, and gilding the whole machine afresh. In other words, he resolved to extend the pathetic, deepen the unsocial, and pervert what little was left, of moral and religious sensibility among his countrymen. In this he too happily succeeded; but what were the penalties he paid for such success? The answer is tremendous! A shipwrecked character—a broken heart—a brilliant but unenviable immortality.

One word more. Rousseau has been frequently styled the champion,



the apostle of freedom. Mr. Hazlitt, in particular, who in his clouded moments has much of his manner, has thus loved to designate him. This is certainly a saving clause, with nothing to disturb its effect but the circumstance of its utter falsity. The philosopher's independence, like his sentiment, was purely a factitious feeling. It was not the healthy, progressive growth of reason, but the forced production of sophistry. It could stoop to be the slave of the most effeminate, demoralizing vices, and—to adopt a sportsman's phrase—was begot by Irritability out of Selfishness and Egotism. Far different is the nature of the true apostle of liberty. The materials of his magnanimity originate with himself; they are beams reflected from the sunny purity of his own heart, and are mixed up with, and give a tone and coloring to, his most trifling actions. To be the true asserter of public freedom, the man himself must be free. No unworthy suspicions, no rash misanthropy, no prurient fancies, no truckling to sensuality, simply because it is clothed in

the borrowed robes of sentiment, must be permitted to interfere with, or influence his opinions. His mind must tower above the ordinary level of mankind, as much in conduct as in intellect. It is not enough that he possess the ability to discuss; he must add the heart to feel and the disposition to practise, the mighty principle in its minutest as well as in its most comprehensive sense; for by the union of worth and genius alone—either of which, when disjoined, is useless—is the world's conviction ensured. Milton, whose ethics were so sublime, whose daily habits were so stainless, spoke from the heart when he declared himself the sworn foe to despotism; the Tell of private life gave abundant evidence of the public patriot; the moral influence of Washington as a dictator, was the necessary consequence of his worth as a man: but Rousseau, though he fled from clime to clime the fancied martyr to his virtue and his independence, wrote only from the promptings of an excited, a distrustful, and a dissatisfied mind.

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TO A LADY, ON THE DEATH OF HER SON.\*

BY BERNARD BARTON.

THE world, the heartless world, may deem  
But lightly of a loss like thine,  
And think it a romantic dream  
For such an one in grief to pine:  
A gentler creed, my friend, is mine,  
Knowing what human hearts can bear,  
And how a Mother's must enshrine  
The object of its love and care.

For was he not, though on him fell  
A cloud that wrapt his soul in night,  
The tenderest tie, the strongest spell,  
That could thy heart to earth unite?  
His was a child's endearing right,  
By helplessness but made more dear;  
Nor can he vanish from thy sight  
Unwept by Nature's mournful tear.

But when the bitterness of grief  
Hath been allowed its sacred claim,

What soothing thoughts must yield relief,  
And fan a purer, holier flame!  
Whatever plans thy heart might frame,  
Had he survived thee, for his sake,  
Could others have fulfill'd each aim,  
Or effort, love like thine would make?

A Mother's heart, and hand, and eye,  
Alone could do as thine have done,  
And unremittingly supply  
The wants and claims of such a Son:  
But now thy love its meed hath won,  
Thy fond solicitude may cease;  
His race of life is safely run,  
His spirit fled where all is peace!

And who may tell how bright the ray  
Of light and life from Heaven may fall  
On minds which, in their mortal clay,  
Seem'd bound in dark Affliction's thrall?

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\* The unfortunate subject of these verses had lived, or existed, from childhood to manhood, in a state of most pitiable mental and bodily infirmity. To some the death of such a sufferer may seem to claim little sympathy. But the heart of a mother is naturally bound up in that of her child, especially an only one; and no common void must be caused by the removal of such an object of years of anxious solicitude.

Think not that He who governs all,  
 Whose power and love no bounds can  
 know,  
 Would *one* into existence call  
 To suffer helpless, hopeless woe.  
 With humble hope to Him entrust  
 Thy mourn'd one ; in strong faith that He

Can call forth from his slumbering dust  
 A Spirit from all frailties free ;  
 And yet permit thy soul to see  
 One who on earth seemed vainly  
 given,  
 A form of light to welcome thee  
 Hereafter to the joys of Heaven.

### THE POPE'S PROMISE.

It was St. John's Eve : the summer sun was sinking behind the distant hills, while his last beams glittered on the lofty spires and towers of Marcerata, one of the oldest towns in Italy, and formerly the metropolis of Ancona. The uncommon beauty of the evening had tempted forth most of its younger inhabitants, who were seen in detached groups along the high road, or in the fields, enjoying the fresh air. The wealthier females rode forth, attended by cavaliers well dressed and gallantly mounted, while the happier peasants were dancing on the level plains without the town, to the merry notes of the pipe and tabor. The streets were deserted, the sounds of labor had ceased, and the voice of joy alone mingled with the chiming of the convent bells, which announced the hour of evening prayer. Yet Pietro Ariano was still hard at work at his stall—Pietro, who was reckoned the best singer and the best dancer in Marcerata, and who was withal, though only a poor shoemaker, as handsome and as well grown a young man as any in the Pope's dominions.

Pietro's little domicile stood just without the town, by the road side, and his stall fronted a long low latticed window that commanded a fine view of the adjacent country, and within the shade of which the young follower of St. Crispin was seated, busily plying his awl. His present fit of industry appeared more like an act of imperative duty than choice : his bent brow expressed both impatience and fatigue, and he flung his various implements from side to side with a sullen and dissatisfied air, glancing wistfully from time to time towards the

open plains, and muttering imprecations against every fresh party of pleasure that passed his stall.

His wife, a lovely dark-eyed young woman, was earnestly engaged in binding the fellow shoe to that which Ariano held half finished in his hand ; and she beguiled the lingering hours by singing, in a sweet voice, an old ditty, to amuse the infant that smiled upon her knee ; while from under her long dark eyelashes she watched the perturbed countenance of her husband. As the sun gradually declined in the horizon, Pietro's patience sank with it, and before the glorious luminary had totally disappeared, its last remaining spark was utterly extinguished ; and, casting down his implements of labor, he exclaimed, in a hasty tone—"Now, by the mass ! not another stitch will I set in slipper or shoe to-night were it to please the Pope !—Ha ! 'tis a beautiful evening ; and the merry tinkling of that guitar has called forth all my dancing wishes, and my legs, in idea, have been in motion for the last two hours. What say you, my pretty little Francesca," he continued, unconsciously assuming a gayer tone, and slapping his wife briskly on the shoulder, "will you put your boy to bed, and join with me the merry group yonder ?"

The young woman shook her head, and looked up into his face with an arch smile—"No, no, Pietro ! not till you have performed the promise you made to the handsome young friar last night."—Ariano sullenly resumed his work.

"Ay, keep my promise, forsooth, and be repaid by promises for my labor ! Oh, these monks are liberal pa-

trons, who are too spiritual to attend to any temporal wants but their own. To convert neats' leather into shoes and sandals, for their accommodation, is as difficult a task as bringing over so many Turks and heretics to the true faith; and they are more nice to fit withal, than the vainest damsel that ever sported a smart foot and ankle. They live on the general contributions of the public, and take good care to want for nothing that can be obtained by way of extortion. O, 'tis a dainty life!" he continued, plying his awl, in despite of his recent vow, with increasing energy, whilst inveighing against his principal employers, a rich community of Franciscan monks, who belonged to the noble monastery whose august towers formed the leading feature in the beautiful landscape before him, "O, 'tis a dainty life! whose very motto is '*laziness*.' They are the hooded locusts that devour the substance of the land, and receive a patent from the Pope, heaven bless him! to live in idleness. Would that my father had made me a member of this holy community, instead of binding me to his own unprofitable trade!"

"If that had been the case, Pietro, I should never have shared your poverty and your labors," said Francesca, with a glance of reproachful tenderness.

"Il Diavolo!" exclaimed Pietro, laughing; "you would have been much better off. *A monk's mistress*, let me tell you, ever carries her head higher than an honest man's wife."

"Hush! hush! Pietro, is it right for a Christian man to utter such impious invectives against these holy monks?"

"Now, by all the saints and angels whom they pretend to worship!" returned Ariano, "if I live and flourish, the boy you hold upon your knee shall be one of these sleek hypocrites. Who knows what preferment he may arrive at! Several bishops have risen from no higher origin. Ha! what say you to that, my little advocate for celibacy? Have I not well provided for your son?"

"You are very profane to-night, Pietro, and speak more like a swaggering man-at-arms than a poor artisan. Besides, I am sure the handsome young padre is no hypocrite. I never saw such a bright eye glance from beneath a monk's cowl."

"Ha! art thou again thinking of him, Francesca? He is a stranger in Marcerata, but I warrant him a very wolf in lamb's clothing."

The color mounted to Francesca's brow, and she called out in a hasty voice—"Stint in thy foolish prate, Pietro! the young friar is even now before us!"

Ariano was utterly confounded when he beheld the padre leaning against the stall; and he felt not a doubt that the stranger had heard the whole of his intemperate conversation with his wife: nor was he wrong in his conjecture. The handsome young man, whose noble deportment and graceful figure set off his monastic habit, and whose bright, laughter-loving dark eyes ill accorded with a monk's cowl, had been for some time a silent spectator of the scene. Felix Peretti was highly amused with the abuse that Ariano had so unceremoniously levelled against his holy order, for which he felt little respect himself, and as a child of fortune, from his youth upwards, considered only as a step towards further advancement.

"How now, Signor *Scarpettaro*! is it your ordinary custom to close the labors of the day by abusing your betters? Are the shoes which you promised should be completed for my journey to Loretto, finished?"

"No," returned Pietro; "they yet want a full hour's work for their completion, and I have just made a vow never to pursue my handicraft by candle-light to please any man. So you must e'en perform the journey, reverend padre, as many better and holier men have done before you, barefooted."

"Do you make it a point of conscience, Ariano, to fulfil one promise by breaking another? I cannot commence a long and fatiguing pilgrimage

without the aid of the Apostle's horses. Oblige me in this instance, Pietro, and I will put up a private mass for the repose of your evil temper, and the restoration of that goodly virtue in man, *patience*!"

"As to my temper!" returned the *Scarpettaro* fiercely, "no one has any right to complain of that but my wife, and if she speaks truly, she will inform you, father, that, when I am not fatigued with working over hours for monks and friars, I am the best tempered fellow in Marcerata."

The padre cast a sly glance at the dark eyed Francesca, from beneath his cowl, and something like a provoking smile sat ready to break forth into a hearty laugh, upon his rosy lips.—"Well, friend Pietro, far be it from me, sworn as I am to peace, to rouse the evil spirit into action. 'Resist the devil,' says holy writ, 'and he will flee from you!' But a truce to all further colloquy; I see you are putting the finishing stroke to the disputed articles: tell me how much I stand indebted to you for them?"

"You cannot stand my debtor," said Ariano, recovering his good humor, when he found he had completed his job, "till you have tried on the shoes, and then I fancy you will stand in my debt." Father Felix laughed heartily at this sally; and, seating himself carelessly on the edge of the stall, with a very *dégagée* air, proceeded to draw on the shoes.

"By our Lady of Loretto!" said Francesca, who was earnestly watching all his movements, "it were a thousand pities that such a white and well shapen foot should have to contend with the sharp flints and briars."

Pietro's brow contracted into a frown, and, turning abruptly to the padre, he asked him how the shoes fitted him?

"My feet, much better than the price will my purse. What am I to pay you for them?"

"Three testoons. And the cheapest pair of shoes that ever was made for the money."

Father Felix shook his head thought-

fully, and drawing forth a leathern purse from the folds of his monastic gown, calmly took it by one of the tassels of divers colors by which it was ornamented at each end, and emptied the contents on the board. A few pieces of money rolled, one after the other, on to the stall; and the hollow sound emitted by their coming thus unceremoniously in contact with each other, spoke the very language of poverty. The young friar counted them deliberately over; then, turning to Ariano, without the least embarrassment, explained the state of his finances—"Signor *Scarpettaro*, in these few pieces of money, you behold all my worldly riches: I want one *julio* to make up the sum you demand for the shoes, which luckily will give you an opportunity of performing a good work at a very small expense; for, you perceive, I have not wherewithal to satisfy your exorbitant charge."

"Exorbitant charge!" reiterated Pietro. "Now, by St. Crispin! may I suffer the pains of purgatory if I take one *quattrini* less. What! after having worked so many hours over my usual time, to be beaten down in the price of the article. Give me the shoes, thou false friar! and pursue thy way barefooted. A monk! and moneyless, quotha. You have doubtless emptied that capacious pouch at some godless debauch, or poured its contents into a wanton's lap."

"Now, out upon you for a profligate reprobate, and vile *Scarpettaro*!" returned the monk. "Do you think it so difficult a task for a priest to keep his vows? Or do you imagine that we cheat our consciences as easily as you do your customers? My purse contains only eight *julios*; how then can you reasonably expect me to pay you nine? I must, therefore, remain your debtor for the odd coin."

"And when do you purpose to pay me?"

"When I am Pope," returned Peretti, laughing, "I will pay you both principal and interest."

"God save your Holiness!" said Pietro. "If I wait for my money till

that period arrives, the debt will still be owing at the day of judgment. Or, stop—I will bequeath it to my children of the tenth generation, to buy them an estate in the moon. A Pope! Young father, you must shroud those roguish eyes under a deeper cowl, and assume a more sanctified visage, and carry a heavier purse withal, before you can hope to obtain the *Papal Crown!*”

“When I stoop, Ariano, to pick up St. Peter’s keys, I shall not forget to pay my old debts. So, fare thee well, thou second Thomas à Didimus, and God be with thee, and with thee, pretty Francesca; and may he render the burthen thou bearest in thy arms the blessing and support of thy future years.”

So saying, he stooped, and, pretending to salute the sleeping infant, contrived to imprint a kiss upon the white hand that held him. Francesca blushed all over; and Pietro, bidding his Holiness remember his promise, called Francesca to him, and bade the friar good night. His wife obeyed the summons, but she looked after the handsome Felix till a turning in the road hid him from her sight.

Years glided on in their silent course, and the name of the young friar, and his visit to Marcerata, were forgotten by Pietro Ariano and his wife. Poverty, and the increasing cares of a large family, tamed the vivacity of the *Scarpettaro’s* spirits: he no longer led the dance, or joined in the song, but was forced, by hard necessity, to work both by night and day at his trade, to supply his numerous offspring with bread. Francesca’s smooth brow was furrowed by the hand of time, and she had long yielded the palm of beauty to other and younger females. Her son, on whom Father Felix had bestowed his blessing, was early dedicated to a monastic life, and had risen, by transcendent abilities, from the rank of under assistant to the sacristan, to be one of the head members of the monastery of St. Francis. The young Antonio possessed ambition, which made him as-

pire to the highest ecclesiastical honours; but he had no friends among his wealthier brethren, who beheld in the son of the poor *Scarpettaro* of Marcerata an object of fear and envy. However, he was the pride and delight of his parents, whose poverty he greatly alleviated, but could not wholly remove. One morning, while Pietro was taking the measurement of the smartest little foot in Marcerata, and the pretty village beauty was cautioning him not to make her slippers too large, a sudden exclamation from his wife made him raise his head, as a dignified ecclesiastic entered the house, and demanded if his name were Pietro Ariano? The *Scarpettaro* answered in the affirmative.

“Then, you are the man I seek. Pietro Ariano, I command you, in the name of the Pope, the pious and blessed Sixtus the Fifth, to repair instantly to Rome, and attend his pleasure at the palace of the Vatican.”

Pietro was petrified with terror. The implements he had just been using fell from his nerveless grasp, and his limbs were assailed by a universal shivering fit, as if under the influence of an ague. “Alas!” he exclaimed, “what is the nature of my crime?”

“That is best known to your own conscience,” returned the stranger.

“Then, the Lord have mercy upon me! I am a sinner, and, what is still worse, a dead man! Like Daniel, I am cast into the lion’s den, and there is none to deliver me. Ah, wretch that I am! Why did I live to witness this day?”

“Oh, Pietro! my unhappy husband!” said Francesca, hiding her face in her garments, and weeping bitterly: “I knew long ago into what trouble your intemperate speeches would bring you. Are you not now convinced of the folly of meddling with matters that did not concern you? Did I not tell you, when you would rail at the holy monks, you were casting yourself upon a two-edged sword? You will be sent to the Inquisition, and burnt for a heretic, and I shall lose you forever!”

"Peace, woman! peace!" returned the tortured Ariano; "reproaches avail not; they cannot save me from the fate which in all probability awaits me. Farewell, my wife—my children!" he cried, alternately taking them in his arms; "cease not to petition heaven to restore me to you!"

The voice of weeping was audible on every side; but Pietro tore himself away, and commenced his long journey on foot to Rome. On the evening of the third day, he arrived at the magnificent city; but his thoughts were too much occupied by his own cares, and his body too much bowed down by fatigue, to notice any of the grand objects which saluted him on every side. He entered Rome as a criminal enters the condemned cell that he never more expects to leave, till the hour which fulfils his sentence. Seeking a small hostelry in the suburbs of the city, he partook of a scanty supper, and retired to bed, dreading, yet anxiously expecting the ensuing day. In the morning, he learned from his host that the Pope held a public levee in the great hall of the Vatican, to receive the French and German ambassadors; and that if he repaired thither early, and waited patiently till the crowd dispersed, he would be more likely to gain the speech of his Holiness. Unacquainted with the public edifices in Rome, poor Ariano wandered about for some time like a fool in a fair, bewildered in contemplating the august palaces which rose on every side, and imagining each in its turn a fit residence for a king; but, whilst he paused, irresolute how to act, a strange fancy entered his head, and he imagined that the Pope, who was Christ's vicegerent on earth, must reside in the grandest church in the city. Accordingly, he stopped on the steps leading to St. Peter's Church, and demanded of an ecclesiastic, who, like himself, seemed bound thither, "If that noble building were the Pope's palace?"

"You must indeed be a stranger in Rome, my friend," returned the priest, with a good-natured smile, "not to

know the difference between St. Peter's Church and the Vatican.—What is your name?"

"Pietro Ariano, a poor shoemaker, of Marcerata."

"And your business with his Holiness, the Pope?"

"Alas! reverend padre, with that I am at present unacquainted: his business, it should seem, is with me. I have none with him, unless it be to ask pardon for crimes unintentionally committed."

"Aha!" returned the priest, "you are the very man whom his Holiness wishes to see. He calls himself your debtor; and you will soon know in what coin he means to pay you. But, take heart of grace, Signor *Scarpettaro*; I will introduce you to the Pope."

Trembling from head to foot, Pietro followed his conductor into the great hall of audience. Sixtus was already in his chair, and the ambassadors of various nations were making their obeisance before him; but the splendor of the scene could not induce the terror-stricken Ariano to raise his eyes, and he stood shivering behind the priest, with his head bent down, and his arms folded dejectedly across his breast. At length the crowd gradually dispersed, and the Pope called out to the ecclesiastic, in a facetious tone, very different from the solemnity of manner with which he had addressed the ambassadors—"How now, Father Valentinian! Whom have you got there?"

"Please your Holiness," returned the priest, striving to impel Pietro forward, "the poor shoemaker of Marcerata."

At these words, Pietro uttered a loud groan, and fell prostrate at the feet of the Pope, who, after indulging in a long and hearty laugh, said, in a jocular tone, "Raise thy head, Ariano, that I may be sure of thy identity. By St. Peter! time has nearly worn out thy upper leathers, if it has spared thy sole. Is this panic-stricken craven the man who talked so largely, and uttered such bitter invectives



against holy mother church ? By the mass ! I fancy the pains of purgatory will be light when compared with the pangs he now endures !”

“Most holy, most blessed, most incomparable Pope !” groaned forth the prostrate *Scarpettaro*, “I was mad and drunk when I uttered such foul calumnies against your Holiness’s brethren. Heaven has justly punished me for my impiety, by revealing my rash speeches to your Excellency.”

“It needed no miraculous interposition of saints and angels, Pietro, to inform me of your iniquity ; for I heard you with my own ears. But, stand up, man. It was not to call you to an account for your sins, which doubtless are many, that I sent for you hither, but to pay you the debt I owe you. Look me in the face, Signor Ariano. Hast thou forgotten St. John’s Eve, and the young friar who called at your stall in his pilgrimage from Ascoli to Loretto ?”

For the first time, Pietro ventured to raise his head, when he encountered the glance of the bright dark eyes, whose amorous expression he had so unceremoniously reprobated three-and-twenty years before. That face, once seen, could never be forgotten. Time had given to Felix Peretti a stern and haughty expression ; and the eye that, in the heyday of youth, seemed lighted only by the fire of passion, now possessed the glance of an eagle, before which the monarchs of the earth trembled, when it flashed in wrath from beneath a brow that appeared formed to rule the world. “Ha ! Ariano, I perceive you recognise the face of an old friend. Have you forgotten the promise I made you on that memorable night when I prophesied my own future grandeur ! What was it, Pietro ?”

“Please your Holiness,” said Pietro, his eye brightening, and his hopes increasing in proportion as his fears diminished, “whatever you may think fit to give me.”

“Come ! come to the point, Signor *Scarpettaro*,” returned Sixtus, in a stern voice, “I will have no interpo-

lations ; what is the actual amount of the debt I owe you ?”

“One *julio*, please your sublime Excellency ; the principal and interest of the said sum, if ever you should come to be Pope, which, God forgive my wickedness for doubting !”

“Amen !” ejaculated Father Valentinian.

“Right, Pietro ; the sum shall be faithfully paid,” returned Sixtus, drawing a paper from his bosom, on which he had spent some hours the preceding day in calculating the interest of one *julio* for three-and-twenty years. What the sum amounted to, the chronicler of this anecdote does not condescend to inform us, but it was small enough to annihilate all Pietro Ariano’s new and highly-raised expectations, and his golden visions melted into air. He received it from the Pope with a vacant stare, and still held open his hand, which disdained to close over so paltry a prize.

“Is not the sum correct ?” demanded Sixtus.

Ariano remained immovable.

“Count it over again, my friend ; and if one *quattrini* is wanting, it shall be faithfully paid. What, art thou moonstruck ! Hast thou not received that which I owed thee ?”

“No,” returned Pietro, gathering courage from disappointment ; “your Holiness is still my debtor.”

“Prove your words,” said Sixtus, while a slight flush of anger suffused his face.

“The *julio* I gave your Holiness credit for three-and-twenty years ago, when thou wast only a poor barefooted friar, I should never have walked to Rome to demand at thy hands.—The sum has been faithfully paid, but you have not remunerated me for loss of time—for the expenses I incurred, and the fatigue I suffered, at my years, in undertaking, at your command, so long a journey. The tears my wife and children have shed, and the anguish of mind I have endured, to make sport for your Holiness, are debts of conscience you have still to pay ; and, to show you that a poor shoemaker of

Marcerata can exceed the mighty Sixtus in liberality, I absolve the Pope of his promise!"

Here Pietro made a low reverence, laid the money at the Pope's feet, and was about to depart, when Sixtus called out in a lively tone—"How, Signor *Scarpettaro*! have you the presumption to rival a pope in munificence? Pride has urged you, though a necessitous man, to reject the only sum which you were justly entitled to receive.—It is not for me, as vicegerent for heaven, to reward a man for

exhibiting to my face one of the seven deadly sins. I therefore transfer my bounty to more deserving objects; give this purse of gold," he continued, "to thy wife, Francesca, and make glad her heart by informing her that her son, Antonio, is Bishop of Marcerata."

Overcome by this unexpected change of fortune, Pietro prostrated himself before his munificent benefactor, and, embracing his feet, called out in an ecstasy of joy—"Ah, your Holiness!—I am your *debtor* for life!"

### CALUM DHU, A HIGHLAND TALE.

[The following is a traditionary tale of the West Highlands; and, in relating it, the author has adhered to the narrative, and, as far as he could, to the simple but nervous phraseology of the old plaided shepherd who told it to him on the side of a heathy hill near Inverouglass, on the banks of Loch Lomond.]

CALUM DHU was the bravest warrior that followed the banners of the Chief of Colquhoun, with which clan the powerful and warlike M'Gregors were at inveterate feud. Calum lived in a sequestered glen in the vicinity of Ben Lomond. His cottage stood at the base of a steep ferny hill: retired from the rest of the clan, he lived alone. This solitary being was the deadliest foe of the M'Gregors, when the clans were in the red unyielding battle of their mountain chiefs. His weapon was a bow, in the use of which he was so skilful, that he could bring down the smallest bird when on the wing. No man but himself had ever bent his bow; and his arrows were driven with such resistless force, that their feathery wings were always drenched with his foeman's best blood. In the use of the sword, also, he had few equals; but the bow was the weapon of his heart.

The son of the chief of the M'Gregors, with two of his clansmen, having gone to hunt, and their game being wide, they wandered far, and found themselves, a little after mid-day, on the top of the hill at the foot of which stood Calum Dhu's cottage. "Come," said the young chief, "let us go down and try to bend Calum Dhu's bow.

Evan, you and I have got the name of being the best bowmen of our clan; it is said, no man but Calum himself can bend his bow: but it will go hard with us if we cannot show him that the M'Gregors are men of thews and sinews equal to the bending of his long bow, with which he has so often sent his arrows through and through our best warriors, as if they had been men of straw set up to practise on.—Come, he will not know us—and if he should we are three to one; and I owe him something," added he, touching the hilt of his dirk, "since the last conflict, when he sent an arrow through my uncle's gallant bosom. Come, follow me down!" he continued, his eye gleaming with determined vengeance, and his voice quivering with suppressed passion. The will of a Highland chieftain was law at the time of which we speak. "We will go down, if a score of his best clansmen were with him," said Evan. "Aye, but be cautious." "We shall bend his bow, then break it," replied the young M'Gregor; and then—then for my uncle's blood." "He is good at the sword," said the third M'Gregor; "but this (showing his dirk,) will stretch him on the sward." "Strike him not behind,"

said the young chief: hew him down in front; he deserves honorable wounds, for he is brave, though an enemy."

They had been prevented by a rising knoll from being seen from the cottage, which they now reached. Knocking loudly at the door, after some delay they were answered by the appearance of a little, thick-set, grey-eyed, oldish-looking-man, with long arms and a black bushy beard hung with grey threads and *thrums*, as if he had been employed in weaving the coarse linen of the country and the time. But as he had none of the muscular symptoms of prodigious strength, which Calum Dhu was reported to possess, and which had often proved so fatal to their clan, they could not suppose this to be their redoubted foe-man; and, to the querulous question of what they wanted, uttered in the impatient tone of one who has been interrupted in some necessary worldly employment, they replied by inquiring if Calum Dhu was at home. "Na, he's gane to the fishing; but an ye hae ony message for our chief, (Heaven guard him!) about the coming of the red M'Gregors, and will trust me with it, Calum will get it frae me. Ye may as well tell me as him; he stays lang when he gaes out, for he is a keen fisher."

"We were only wanting to try the bending of his bow," said the disappointed young chief, "which we have heard no man can do save himself." "Hoo! gin that is a', ye might hae tell'd it at first, an' no keepit me sae lang frae my loom," said the old man: "but stop"—and giving his shoulders an impatient shrug, which, to a keen observer, would have passed for one of satisfaction, triumph, and determination, he went into the house and quickly returned, bringing out a strong bow, and a sheaf of arrows, and flung them carelessly on the ground, saying, "Ye'll be for trying your strength at a flight!" pointing to the arrows; "I hae seen Calum send an arrow over the highest point o' that hill, like a glance o' lightning; and

when the M'Gregors were coming raging up the glen, like red deer, as they are, mony o' their best warriors fell at the farthest entry o' the pass, every man o' them wi' a hole in his breast and its fellow at his back."

He had taken a long arrow out of the sheaf, and stood playing with it in his hand while speaking, seemingly ready to give to the first man who should bend the bow. The M'Gregors were tall muscular men, in the prime of youth and manhood. The young chief took up the bow, and after examining its unbending strength, laying all his might to it, strained till the blood rushed to his face, and his temples throbbed almost to bursting—but in vain; the string remained slack as ever. Evan and the other M'Gregor were alike unsuccessful; they might as well have tried to root up the gnarled oaks of their native mountains.

"There is not a man," cried the young chief of M'Gregor, greatly chagrined at the absence of Calum Dhu, and his own and clansmen's vain attempts to bend the bow,—"There is not a man in your clan can bend that bow, and if Calum Dhu were here, he should not long bend it!"—Here he bit his lip, and suppressed the rest of the sentence, for the third M'Gregor gave him a glance of caution. "Ha!" said the old man, still playing with the long arrow in his hand, and without seeming to observe the latter part of the M'Gregor's speech, "If Calum was here, he would bend it as easily as you wad bend that rush; and gin ony o' the M'Gregors were in sight, he wad drive this lang arrow through them as easily as ye wad drive your dirk through my old plaid, and the feather wad come out at the other side, wet wi' their heart's bluid. Sometimes even the man behind is wounded, if they are ony way thick in their battle. I once saw a pair of them stretched on the heather, pinned together with ane of Calum's lang arrows."

This was spoken with the cool com-

posure and simplicity of one who is talking to friends, or is careless if they are foes. A looker-on could have discerned a chequered shade of pleasure and triumph cross his countenance as M'Gregor's lip quivered, and the scowl of anger fell along his brow at the tale of his kinsmen's destruction by the arm of his most hated enemy.

"He must be a brave warrior," said the young chief, compressing his breath, and looking with anger and astonishment at the tenacious and cool old man. "I should like to see this Calum Dhu."

"Ye may soon enough; an' gin ye were a M'Gregor, feel him too. But what is the man glunching and glooming at? Gin ye were Black John himsel, ye couldna look mair deevilish like. And what are you fidgeting at, man?" addressing the third M'Gregor, who had both marked and felt the anger of his young chief, and had slowly moved nearer the old man, and stood with his right hand below the left breast of his plaid, probably grasping his dirk, ready to execute the vengeance of his master, as it was displayed on his clouded countenance, which he closely watched. The faith of the Gael is deeper than "to hear is to obey," the slavish obedience of the East: his is to anticipate and perform—to know and accomplish or die. It is the sterner devotedness of the north.

But the old man kept his keen grey eye fixed upon him, and continued, in the same unsuspecting tone: "But is there any word o' the M'Gregors soon coming over the hills? Calum wad like to try a shot at Black John, their chief; he wonders gin he could pass an arrow through his great hardy bulk as readily as he sends them through his clansmen's silly bodies. John has a son, too, he wad like to try his craft on; he has the name of a brave warrior—I forget his name. Calum likes to strike at noble game, though he is sometimes forced to kill that which is little worth. But I'm fearfu' that he o'errates his ain

strength; his arrow will only, I think, stick weel through Black John, but ——" "Dotard, peace!" roared the young chief, till the glen rang again; his brow darkening like midnight: "Peace! or I shall cut the sacrilegious tongue out of your head, and nail it to that door, to show Calum Dhu that you have had visitors since he went away, and bless his stars that he was not here."

A dark flash of suspicion crossed his mind as he gazed at the cool old tormentor, who stood before him, unquailing at his frowns; but it vanished as the imperturbable old man said, "Haoh! ye're no a M'Gregor—and though ye were, ye surely wadna mind the like o' me! But anent bending this bow," striking it with the long arrow, which he still held in his hand, "there is just a knack in it; and your untaught young strength is useless, as ye dinna ken the gait o't. I learned it frae Calum, but I'm sworn never to tell it to a stranger. There is mony a man in the clan I ken naething about. But as ye seem anxious to see the bow bent, I'll no disappoint ye; rin up to yon grey stane—stand there, and it will no be the same as if ye were standing near me when I'm doing it, but it will just be the same to you, for ye can see weel enough, and when the string is on the bow, ye may come down, an' ye like, and try a flight; it's a capital bow, and that ye'll fin'."

A promise is sacred with the Gael; and as he was under one, they did not insist on his exhibiting his art while they were in his presence; but curious to see the sturdy bow bent, a feat of which the best warrior of their clan would have been proud, and which they had in vain essayed; and perhaps thinking Calum Dhu would arrive in the interval; and as they feared nothing from the individual, who seemed ignorant of their name, and who could not be supposed to send an arrow so far with any effect; they therefore walked away in the direction pointed out, nor did they once turn their faces till they reached the

grey rock. They now turned, and saw the old man (who had waited till they had gone the whole way) suddenly bend the stubborn yew, and fix an arrow on the string. In an instant it was strongly drawn to his very ear, and the feathered shaft, of a cloth-breadth length, was fiercely launched in air.

"M'Alp—hooch!" cried the young chief, meaning to raise the M'Gregor war-cry, clapping his hand on his breast as he fell. "Ha!" cried Calum Dhu, for it was he himself; "clap your hand behin'; the arm shot that that never sent arrow that came out where it went in;"—a rhyme he used in battle, when his foes fell as fast as he could fix arrows to the bow-string. The two M'Gregors hesitated a moment whether to rush down and cut to atoms the old man who had so suddenly caused the death of their beloved young chief; but seeing him fix another arrow to his bow, of which they had just seen the terrible effects, and fearing they might be prevented from carrying the news of his son's death to their old chieftain, and thus cheat him of his revenge, they started over the hill like roes. But a speedy messenger was after them; an arrow caught Evan as he descended out of sight over the hill; sent with powerful and unerring aim, it transfixed him in the shoulder. It must have grazed the bent that grew on the hill top to catch him, as only his shoulders could be seen from where Calum Dhu stood. On flew the other M'Gregor with little abatement of speed, till he reached his chieftain with the bloody tidings of his son's death. "Raise the clan!" was Black John's first words; "dearly shall they rue it." A party was soon gathered. Breathing all the vengeance of mountain warriors, they were soon far on their way of fierce retaliation, with Black John at their head. Calum Dhu was in the meantime not idle; knowing, from the escape of one of the three M'Gregors, that a battle must quickly ensue, he collected as many of his clansmen as he could, and taking his terrible bow, which he could so bravely use, calmly

waited the approach of the M'Gregors, who did not conceal their coming, for loud and fiercely their pipes flung their notes of war and defiance on the gale as they approached: and mountain cliff and glen echoed far and wide the martial strains. They arrived, and a desperate struggle immediately commenced. The M'Gregors carried all before them: no warriors of this time could withstand the hurricane onset, sword in hand, of the far-feared, warlike M'Gregors. Black John raged through the field like a chafed lion, roaring in a voice of thunder, heard far above the clash, groans, and yells of the unyielding combatants—"where was the murderer of his son?" None could tell him—none was afforded time, for he cut down, in his headlong rage, every foe he met. At length, when but few of his foes remained, on whom he could wreak his wrath, or exercise his great strength, he spied an old man sitting on a ferny bank, holding the stump of his leg, which had been cut off in the battle, and who beckoned the grim chief to come nearer. Black John rushed forward, brandishing his bloody sword, crying, in a voice which startled the yet remaining birds from the neighboring mountain cliffs,—“Where is my son's murderer?” “Shake the leg out o' that brogue,” said the old man, speaking with difficulty, and squeezing his bleeding stump with both hands, with all the energy of pain, “and bring me some o' the water frae yon burn to drink, and I will show you Calum Dhu, for he is yet in the field, and lives: rin, for my heart burns and faints.” Black John, without speaking, shook the leg out of the brogue, and hastened to bring water, to get the wished for intelligence. Stooping to dip the bloody brogue in the little stream, “M'Alp—hooch!” he cried, and splashed lifeless in the water, which in a moment ran thick with his blood. “Ha!” cried Calum Dhu, for it was he again; “clap your hand behin'; that's the last arrow shot by the arm that sent those which came not out where they went in.”

*The Victim Bride.*  
THE VICTIM BRIDE.

I saw her in her summer bow'r, and oh! upon my sight  
Methought there never beam'd a form more beautiful and bright!  
So young, so fair, she seem'd as one of those ærial things  
That live but in the poet's high and wild imaginings;  
Or like those forms we meet in dreams from which we wake, and weep  
That earth has no creation like the figments of our sleep.

Her parent—loved he not his child above all earthly things!  
As traders love the merchandise from which their profit springs;  
Old age came by, with tott'ring step, and, for the sordid gold  
With which the dotard urged his suit, the maiden's peace was sold.  
And thus (for oh! her sire's stern heart was steel'd against her pray'r)  
The hand he ne'er had gain'd from love, he won from her despair.

I saw them through the church-yard pass, but such a nuptial train  
I would not for the wealth of worlds should greet my sight again.  
The bridesmaids, each as beautiful as Eve in Eden's bow'rs,  
Shed bitter tears upon the path they should have strewn with flow'rs.  
Who had not deem'd that white-robed band the funeral array,  
Of one an early doom had call'd from life's gay scene away?

The priest beheld the bridal group before the altar stand,  
And sigh'd as he drew forth his book with slow reluctant hand:  
He saw the bride's flow'r-wreathed hair, and mark'd her streaming eyes,  
And deem'd it less a christian rite than a pagan sacrifice:  
And when he called on Abraham's God to bless the wedded pair,  
It seem'd a very mockery to breathe so vain a pray'r.

I saw the palsied bridegroom too, in youth's gay ensigns drest;  
A shroud were fitter garment far for him than bridal vest;  
I mark'd him when the ring was claim'd, 'twas hard to loose his hold,  
He held it with a miser's clutch—it was his darling gold.  
His shrivell'd hand was wet with tears she pour'd, alas! in vain,  
And it trembled like an autumn leaf beneath the beating rain.

I've seen her since that fatal morn—her golden fetters rest  
As e'en the weight of incubus, upon her aching breast.  
And when the victor, Death, shall come to deal the welcome blow,  
He will not find one rose to swell the wreath that decks his brow;  
For oh! her cheek is blanch'd by grief which time may not assuage,—  
Thus early Beauty sheds her bloom on the wintry breast of Age.

HANNAH BINT.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

THE Shaw, leading to Hannah Bint's habitation, is a very pretty mixture of wood and coppice; that is to say, a track of thirty or forty acres covered with fine growing timber—ash, and oak, and elm—very regularly planted; and interspersed here and there with large patches of underwood, hazel, maple, birch, holly, and hawthorn, woven into almost impenetrable thickets by long wreaths of the bramble, the briary, and the briar-rose, or by the pliant and twisting garlands of the wild honey-suckle. In other parts, the Shaw is quite clear of its basky undergrowth, and clothed only with large beds of feathery fern, or carpets of flowers, primroses, orchises, cowslips, ground-ivy, crane's-bill, cotton-grass, solomon's seal, and forget-me-not, crowded together with a profusion and brilliancy of color, such as I have rarely seen equalled even in a garden. Here the wild hyacinth really enamels the ground with its fresh and lovely purple; there,



"On aged roots, with bright green mosses  
clad,  
Dwells the wood-sorrel, with its bright thin  
leaves  
Heart-shaped and triply folded, and its root  
Creeping like beaded coral; whilst around  
Flourish the copse's pride, anemones,  
With rays like golden studs on ivory laid  
Most delicate; but touched with purple clouds,  
Fit crown for April's fair but changeful brow."

The variety is much greater than I have enumerated; for the ground is so unequal, now swelling in gentle ascents, now dimpling into dells and hollows, and the soil so different in different parts, that the sylvan Flora is unusually extensive and complete.

The season is, however, now too late for this floweriness: and, except the tufted woodbines, which have continued in bloom during the whole of this lovely autumn, and some lingering garlands of the purple wild-veitch, wreathing round the thickets, and uniting with the ruddy leaves of the bramble, and the pale jestoons of the briary, there is little to call one's attention from the grander beauties of the trees—the sycamore, its broad leaves already spotted—the oak, heavy with acorns—and the delicate shining rind of the weeping birch, "the lady of the woods," thrown out in strong relief from a back-ground of holly and hawthorn, each studded with coral berries, and backed with old beeches, beginning to assume the rich, tawny hue, which makes them perhaps the most picturesque of autumnal trees, as the transparent freshness of their young foliage is undoubtedly the choicest ornament of the forest in spring.

A sudden turn round one of these magnificent beeches brings us to the boundary of the Shaw, and leaning upon a rude gate, we look over an open space of about ten acres of ground, still more varied and broken than that which we have passed, and surrounded on all sides by thick woodland. As a piece of color, nothing can be well finer. The ruddy glow of the heath-flower, contrasting, on the one hand, with the golden-blossomed furze—on the other, with a patch of buck-wheat, of which the bloom is not past, al-

though the grain be ripening, the beautiful buck-wheat, of which the transparent leaves and stalks are so brightly tinged with vermilion, while the delicate pink-white of the flower, a paler persicaria, has a feathery fall, at once so rich and so graceful, and a fresh and reviving odor, like that of beech trees in the dew of a May evening. The bank that surmounts this attempt at cultivation is crowned with the late foxglove and the stately mullein; the pasture of which so great a part of the waste consists, looks as green as an emerald; a clear pond, with the bright sky reflected in it, lets light into the picture; the white cottage of the keeper peeps from the opposite coppice; and the vine-covered dwelling of Hannah Bint rises from amidst the pretty garden, which lies bathed in the sunshine around it.

The living and moving accessories are all in keeping with the cheerfulness and repose of the landscape. Hannah's cow grazing quietly beside the keeper's pony; a brace of fat pointer puppies holding amicable intercourse with a litter of young pigs; ducks, geese, cocks, hens, and chickens, scattered over the yard; Hannah herself sallying forth from the cottage-door, with her milk-bucket in her hand, and her little brother following with the milking stool.

My friend, Hannah Bint, is by no means an ordinary person. Her father, Jack Bint, (for in all his life he never arrived at the dignity of being called John; indeed, in our parts, he was commonly known by the cognomen of London Jack,) was a drover of high repute in his profession. No man, between Salisbury Plain and Smithfield, was thought to conduct a flock of sheep so skilfully through all the difficulties of lanes and commons, streets and high-roads, as Jack Bint, and Jack Bint's famous dog, Watch; for Watch's rough, honest face, black, with a little white about the muzzle, and one white ear, was as well known at fairs and markets, as his master's equally honest and weather-beaten visage. Lucky was the dealer that

could secure their services; Watch being renowned for keeping a flock together, better than any shepherd's dog on the road—Jack, for delivering them more punctually, and in better condition. No man had a more thorough knowledge of the proper night stations, where good feed might be procured for his charge, and good liquor for Watch and himself; Watch, like other sheep dogs, being accustomed to live chiefly on bread and beer. His master, although not averse to a pot of good double X, preferred gin; and they who plod slowly along, through wet and weary ways, in frost and in fog, have undoubtedly a stronger temptation to indulge in that cordial and reviving stimulus, than we water-drinkers, sitting in warm and comfortable rooms, can readily imagine. For certain, our drover could never resist the gentle seduction of the gin-bottle, and being of a free, merry, jovial temperament, one of those persons commonly called good fellows, who like to see others happy in the same way with themselves, he was apt to circulate it at his own expense, to the great improvement of his popularity, and the great detriment of his finances.

All this did vastly well whilst his earnings continued proportionate to his spendings, and the little family at home were comfortably supported by his industry: but when a rheumatic fever came on, one hard winter, and finally settled in his limbs, reducing the most active and hardy man in the parish to the state of a confirmed cripple, then his reckless improvidence stared him in the face; and poor Jack, a thoughtless, but kind creature, and a most affectionate father, looked at his three motherless children with the acute misery of a parent, who has brought those whom he loves best in the world, to abject destitution. He found help, where he probably least expected it, in the sense and spirit of his young daughter, a girl of twelve years old.

Hannah was the eldest of the family, and had, ever since her mother's

death, which event had occurred two or three years before, been accustomed to take the direction of their domestic concerns, to manage her two brothers, to feed the pigs and the poultry, and to keep house during the almost constant absence of her father. She was a quick, clever lass, of a high spirit, a firm temper, some pride, and a horror of accepting parochial relief, which is every day becoming rarer amongst the peasantry; but which forms the surest safeguard to the sturdy independence of the English character. Our little damsel possessed this quality in perfection; and when her father talked of giving up their comfortable cottage, and removing to the workhouse, whilst she and her brothers must go to service, Hannah formed a bold resolution, and, without disturbing the sick man by any participation of her hopes and fears, proceeded, after settling their trifling affairs, to act at once on her own plans and designs.

Careless of the future as the poor drover had seemed, he had yet kept clear of debt, and by subscribing constantly to a benefit club, had secured a pittance that might at least assist in supporting him during the long years of sickness and helplessness to which he was doomed to look forward. This his daughter knew. She knew, also, that the employer in whose service his health had suffered so severely, was a rich and liberal cattle-dealer in the neighborhood, who would willingly aid an old and faithful servant, and had, indeed, come forward with offers of money. To assistance from such a quarter Hannah had no objection. Farmer Oakley and the parish were quite distinct things. Of him, accordingly, she asked, not money, but something much more in his own way—"a cow! any cow! old or lame, or what not, so that it were a cow! she would be bound to keep it well; if she did not, he might take it back again. She even hoped to pay for it by and by, by instalments, but that she would not promise!" and partly amused, partly interested by

the child's earnestness, the wealthy yeoman gave her, not as a purchase, but as a present, a very fine young Alderney. She then went to the lord of the manor, and, with equal knowledge of character, begged his permission to keep her cow in the Shaw common. "Farmer Oakley had given her a fine Alderney, and she would be bound to pay the rent, and keep her father off the parish, if he would only let it graze on the waste;" and he, too, half from real good nature—half, not to be outdone in liberality by his tenant, not only granted the requested permission, but reduced the rent so much, that the produce of the vine seldom fails to satisfy their kind landlord.

Now, Hannah showed great tact in setting up as a dairy-woman. She could not have chosen an occupation more completely unoccupied, or more loudly called for. One of the most provoking of the petty difficulties which beset people with a small establishment, in this neighborhood, is the trouble, almost the impossibility, of procuring the pastoral luxuries of milk, eggs, and butter, which rank, unfortunately, amongst the indispensable necessities of housekeeping. To your thorough-bred Londoner, who, whilst grumbling over his own breakfast, is apt to fancy that thick cream, and fresh butter, and new-laid eggs, grow, so to say, in the country—form an actual part of its natural produce—it may be some comfort to learn, that in this great grazing district, however the calves and the farmers may be the better for cows, nobody else is; that farmers' wives have ceased to keep poultry, and that we unlucky villagers sit down often to our first meal in a state of destitution, which may well make him content with his thin milk, and his Cambridge butter, when compared to our imputed pastoralities.

Hannah's Alderney restored us to one rural privilege. Never was so cleanly a little milk-maid. She changed away some of the cottage finery, which, in his prosperous days,

poor Jack had pleased himself with bringing home; the China tea-service, the gilded mugs, and the painted waiters, for the more useful utensils of the dairy, and speedily established a regular and gainful trade in milk, eggs, butter, honey, and poultry—for poultry they had always kept.

Her domestic management prospered equally. Her father, who retained the perfect use of his hands, began a manufacture of mats and baskets, which he constructed with great nicety and adroitness; the eldest boy, a sharp and clever lad, cut for him his rushes and oziers; erected, under his sister's directions, a shed for the cow, and enlarged and cultivated the garden (always with the good leave of her kind patron, the lord of the manor) until it became so ample, that the produce not only kept the pig, and half-kept the family, but afforded another branch of merchandize to the indefatigable directress of the establishment. For the younger boy, less quick and active, Hannah contrived to obtain an admission to the charity-school, where he made great progress—retaining him at home, however, in the haymaking, reaping, and leasing season, or whenever his services could be made available, to the great annoyance of the schoolmaster, whose favorite he is, and who piques himself so much on George's scholarship (your heavy sluggish boy at country work often turns out clever at his book), that it is the general opinion of the village, that this much-vaunted pupil will, in process of time, be promoted to the post of assistant, and may, possibly, in course of years, rise to the dignity of a parish pedagogue in his own person; so that his sister, although still making him useful at odd times, now considers George as pretty well off her hands, whilst his elder brother, Tom, could take an under-gardener's place directly, if he were not too important at home to be spared even for a day.

In short, during the five years that she has ruled at the Shaw cottage, the world has gone well with Hannah

Bint. Her cow, her calves, her pigs, her bees, her poultry, have each, in their several ways, thriven and prospered. She has even brought Watch to like buttermilk, as well as strong beer, and has nearly persuaded her father (to whose wants and wishes she is most anxiously attentive) to accept of milk as a substitute for gin. Not but Hannah hath had her enemies as well as her betters. Why should she not? The old woman at the lodge, who always piqued herself on being spiteful, and crying down new ways, foretold, from the first, that she would come to no good, and could not forgive her for falsifying her prediction; and Betty Barnes, the flattering widow of a tippling farmer, who rented a field, and set up a cow herself, and was universally discarded for insufferable dirt, said all that the wit of an envious woman could devise against Hannah and her Alderney; nay, even Ned Miles, the keeper, her next neighbor, who had, whilom held entire sway over the Shaw common, as well as its coppices, grumbled as much as so good-natured and genial a person could grumble, when he found a little girl sharing his dominion, a cow grazing beside his pony, and vulgar cocks and hens hovering around the buck wheat destined to feed his noble pheasants. Nobody that had been accustomed to see that paragon of keepers, so tall and manly, and pleasant looking, with his merry eye, and his knowing smile, striding gaily along, in his green coat, and his gold laced hat, with his noble Newfoundland dog, (a retriever is the sporting word,) and his beautiful spaniel flirt at his heels, could conceive how askew he looked, when he first found Hannah and Watch holding equal reign over his old territory, the Shaw common.

Yes! Hannah hath had her enemies; but they are passing away. The old woman at the lodge is dead, poor creature; and Betty Barnes, having herself taken to tippling, has lost the few friends she once possessed, and looks, luckless wretch, as if

she would soon die too!—and the keeper?—why, he is not dead, or like to die; but the change that has taken place there is the most astonishing of all—except, perhaps, the change in Hannah herself.

Few dawns of twelve years old, generally a very pretty age, were less pretty than Hannah Bint. Short and stunted in her figure, thin in face, sharp in feature, with a muddled complexion, wild sun-burnt hair, and eyes, whose very brightness had in them something startling, over-informed, super-subtle, too clever for her age. At twelve years old she had quite the air of a little old fairy. Now, at seventeen, matters are mended. Her complexion has cleared: her countenance, her figure, has shot up into height and lightness, and a sort of rustic grace; her bright, acute eye is softened and sweetened by the womanly wish to please; her hair is trimmed, and curled, and brushed, with exquisite neatness; and her whole dress arranged with that nice attention to the becoming, the suitable both in form and texture, which would be called the highest degree of coquetry, if it did not deserve the better name of propriety. Never was such a transmogrification beheld. The lass is really pretty, and Ned Miles has discovered that she is so. There he stands, the rogue, close at her side (for he hath joined her whilst we have been telling her little story, and the milking is over!)—there he stands—holding her milk pail in one hand, and stroking Watch with the other; whilst she is returning the compliment, by patting Neptune's magnificent head. There they stand, as much like lovers as may be; he smiling, and she blushing—he never looking so handsome, nor she so pretty, in all their lives. There they stand, in blessed forgetfulness of all except each other; as happy a couple as ever trod the earth. There they stand, and one would not disturb them for all the milk and butter in Christendom. I should not wonder if they were fixing the wedding day.

## THE EVIL EYE.

Among the qualities attributed to the eye in some persons, and once universally credited, was the power of working evil and enchantment by its glances. The operation of the "evil eye," (once so denominated,) upon mankind, as being a pretty general belief in past times, has been recorded by many writers. Bacon says that its effects have, according to some historians, been so powerful as to affect the mind of the individual upon whom they fell; that even after "triumphs, the triumphants" have been made sick in spirit by the evil eyes of lookers on. In most modern European nations, in their earlier ages, the fear of the fascination of children by an "evil eye," made nurses very careful how they permitted strangers to look upon them. In Spain it was called *mal de ojos*, and any one who was suspected of having an "evil eye," while regarding a child, was forced to say, while observing the infant, "God bless it." This notion, however, is far more ancient than the name of England. The Greeks and Romans gave credit to it, when they were in their high career of glory. We find, in many ancient writers, allusions to the malicious influence of what they call the "vicious" or "evil eye." Theocritus, Horace, Persius, Juvenal, and others, allude to it in a way not to be mistaken in its alliance with the later superstition. I have never heard what charms were used by our forefathers or the ancients against the influence of the "evil eye :—

Vervain and dill  
Hinder witches from their will,—

was, we know, a sovereign receipt against the daughters of the Lady of Endor. Lilly has the following charm to obviate the effect of an "evil tongue," which, for curiosity sake, I will mention. "Take *unguentum populeum*, *vervain*, and *hypericon*, and put a red hot iron into it. Anoint the back-bone, or wear it on the breast."

49 ATHENEUM, VOL. 1, 3d series.

Notwithstanding this sovereign mode of guarding against an "evil tongue," the evil eye seems to have been as much proof against the wisdom of our forefathers as against our own. It would therefore, in the language of the olden time, be an "insult to Providence," if, after the experience of our ancestors in such matters, we presumed to attempt the discovery of an efficient antidote.

In our times the "evil eye" still survives, though its operations may not be so much a matter of general attention as formerly. It works still, in a manner equally as injurious as when the "irradiations" of the visual orb were supposed to be solely confined to the subtle operations of magic. The "evil eye," in modern days, is observed to be not less dangerous in its consequences to its possessor, than to those whom it fixes upon as victims of its malignity. He smarts in heart-consuming anguish while he regards the happiness of a neighbor, the success of an acquaintance in an honorable calling, or the hard struggle and merited reward of literary assiduity. No rank of life is beyond the glance of the "evil eye;" no talent mailed against its deadly malignity; no robe of innocence so pure as to conceal the wearer from its blighting observation. The sensibilities of genius, with whatever art or science they may be linked, are too often scorched by its fatal gaze. It blanches the cheek of beauty, dries up the springs of charity, extinguishes the noblest ardors, withers the fairest blossoms of the soul, and almost renders indifferent the glorious triumphs of virtuous age, by blasting the honors due to its protracted perseverance in goodness. The subjects of Vathek, in the terrible hall of Eblis, had a heart of self-wasting fire, which was disclosed on putting aside the vest. The man with the "evil eye" exhibits the burning heart through the organ of vision.

His glances explain what is passing within, as well as if the ribs and pericardium were pellucid crystal, or the transparent summer atmosphere.

The "man with the evil eye" always looks obliquely at society. His tongue may be silvery smooth, tipped with velvet, dropping honey, like Nestor's, though blackness be beneath. He cannot conceal the glances that shoot insidiously towards the objects of his hatred—glances, that, were they rays of a pestilence, (as he would they were,) must make perish all against whom they are directed. No glance from the basilisk could be more fatal in reality than his glance, had he his wish. To provoke the latent vengeance of the "evil eye," it is a sufficient offence to be fortunate; success is a brand on the forehead of another in its sight. The specious Iago of the "evil eye" may have four senses of the five such as the best might select for themselves; but with him, these only administer to the sovereign lord of vision, and exist subordinate to the "aspect malign." The man of the "evil eye" finds his heart ignite with tenfold violence when excellence of any kind meets due reward. Who but the man of the "evil eye," has, in his own opinion, a right to be fortunate in industry?—who but he has a lawful claim to the suffrages of society and the crown of reward? The bonds of friendship are melted before him; human sympathies dried into dust; envy and selfishness furnish fuel to the heart, and malignant flames rush from the "evil eye" with terrible intensity. Lord of the ascendant, the "evil eye" makes reason its vassal, and never allows the claims of self or self-interest to be balanced against common sense or obligation. Is the object regarded an artist? he may be a far superior one to him of the "evil eye;" is he an orator? he may far excel him; or, is he an author, possessing genius and learning, and patronized by the public? it mat-

ters not; the baser passions have put down reason, and drowned even a fool's degree of reflection. The "evil eye" can see nothing but what is tinged with its own green hue, and no longer discriminates color or form. The result is a consequence mathematically correct—true to the very point: envy and hatred become the guiding star of the soul. Does he pester society with his diatribes?—he mingles in them, to second the desires of his heart, the venom of the snake, with the stratagem of the fox, and the reasoning of the ostrich, which hides its head alone from the hunter and fancies itself unseen. He has no sight but for the objects of his malice, and loses the view of his own interest in the eagerness of ocular vengeance. Is the owner of the "evil eye" a trader? he looks fatal things to his industrious neighbor's credit; is the owner a female?—she glances away her friend's virtue. Lastly, the owner of the "evil eye" is a universal enemy, whom man cannot trust, time marks out for retribution, and fiends alone can envy.

If society still hold one man to whom this alleged power, anciently attributed to the organ of vision, remains in action, let him be watched. The "evil eye" cannot be mistaken: unsteady as the ocean waves, it rolls around and about in fevered restlessness; now extended, it exhibits its orb clear of the lid, surrounded by the white, in angry convulsion—now half closed, it questions with wariness and shallow cunning—now calm and dead as Lethe, it represses the pale beam of its malice, and with saintly bearing seems piety itself, the herald of cordiality, the star of friendship and rectitude. But it is all the charmed disguise of the magician, that he may make his spells the surer. The "evil eye" is still the same; its Tophetic beams are less visible, only from the hope that they may more effectually operate on the objects of their malignity.



## THE WANDERER'S LEGACY.\*

THERE has been no remarkable absence of decent poems lately ; but we have met with none for a long time which has given us so much pleasure as this volume of Mrs. Godwin.

This lady is, we understand, the younger daughter of the late Dr. Garnett, the author of "Zoonomia," "Observations on a Tour through the Highlands of Scotland," &c. Dr. Garnett left two orphan children, for Mrs. Garnett had died a few years before. They were entrusted to the care of a kind and attached female friend, who retired with them to their father's native place, Barbon, a secluded little village, near Kirby-Lonsdale, in Westmoreland. In this village they both continued to reside till they had attained to womanhood, and it is still the home of Mrs. Godwin. It is not surprising that in so beautiful and romantic a country, and surrounded by every circumstance calculated to operate powerfully upon the youthful fancy, the germ of poetical genius, which disclosed itself early in the life of the fair author of the poems now under our notice, should have gradually expanded, until it arrived at a rich and luxuriant maturity. Her first publication, "The Night before the Bridal, Sappho, and other Poems," received, soon after its appearance, the praise which it deserved. Her present work raises Mrs. Godwin still more in our estimation. In addition to splendor of imagination, copiousness of diction, beauty and variety of imagery, and rare facility and harmony of versification, the volume is embued with a depth of thought, and a strength of feeling, which indicate a mind of a very superior order,—a mind capable of producing "what the world will not willingly let die."

The volume opens with an "Invocation." It is a noble and enthusiastic little composition ; and as it affords a

fair specimen of Mrs. Godwin's powers, we will give nearly the whole of it.

"Beautiful Spirit! that didst guard of old  
The song-inspiring fount of Castalie—  
Thou, unto whom supremacy is given  
And sway o'er realms of boundless intellect ;  
Light of the lonely, solace of the sage,  
Beneath whose influence e'en the dungeon  
          smiles,  
And earth's worst desert fair as Eden blooms ;  
To whom are offered pure the unchained  
          thoughts,  
Warm aspirations, and the rare first-fruits  
Born of young Genius, when her spring-tide  
          teems  
With rich imaginings—To whom belongs  
The glorious harvest of maturer years ;  
Enchantress ! at whose magic touch the mines  
Where Mem'ry keeps her deathless stores,  
          fling wide  
Their golden gates, and all their wealth dis-  
          close—  
Call, from the depths of ocean and of earth,  
And from the blue ethereal element,  
Enchantress Queen ! call up thy mighty spells !  
If on some silver-crested wave thou float'st,  
List'ning the genii secrets murmured low  
Beneath the surges ;—or if yet thou hold'st  
Thy moonlight vigils midst the laurel groves  
Girding the Delphian mount ;—or if on wing,  
All redolent of heaven's immortal breeze,  
And radiant as the Iris' hues, thou glidest  
Among the stars, winning new splendor thence,  
Or heavenward, earthward bent, my vows re-  
          ceive.  
Spirit ! that deign'st to hover o'er my path,  
When in the twilight gleam of some deep dell,  
Or Naiad-haunted spring, I wander forth  
To hold communion with the peering stars ;  
Or on the voiceful shore I pause, to view  
The round moon fling her bright reflection far  
Upon the crystal waves ; or clambering thence  
Along the rock-goat's steep and dangerous way,  
Where topping crags hang o'er the billowy  
          main  
Their fortress rude, I mark the sun descend  
From his cloud-canopied Olympian throne,  
His regal brow all filleted with fire ;  
Spirit presiding then—pervading all—  
Seen in the sunset—breathed in all the airs  
That wanton thro' the summer-tinted groves ;  
Felt in the balmy influence of those tears  
Wept by the heavens o'er Day's deserted  
          fanes ;  
Spirit of Poesie ! on thee I call."

If this is not very exquisite poetry, we acknowledge that we do not know what is.

The "Wanderer's Legacy" is a collection of poems supposed to be bequeathed to the world by a man,—

\* The Wanderer's Legacy ; a Collection of Poems on various Subjects. By Catherine Grace Godwin, (late Catherine Grace Garnett.) Post 8vo. pp. 277. London, 1829.

"a toil-worn, venerable man,  
In humble guise, although of travelled mien,  
With meditative brow, and visage wan,  
In whose deep eye immortal thoughts were  
seen,"—

who had journeyed over many parts  
of the earth ; had seen men, manners,  
and nature, and who had been fond of  
embodying his observations and expe-  
rience in verse.

To the romantic scene, the home  
of his youthful days, this "gray-hair-  
ed wanderer" returns. His reflec-  
tions, as he gazes at the well-known  
objects around him, are full of beauty,  
and of patriotic feeling.

"Land of my sires ! oh, with what chasten'd  
love

My soul, unwarped, dispassionate, and free,  
Guided by some kind angel from above,  
Returns with filial gratitude to thee !  
Here would I wait my Maker's great decree,  
Walk these wild hills whereon my fathers trod,  
And, as the leaf beside the parent tree  
Lays its pale form, so nigh you house of God  
Would I repose beneath the hallow'd sod.

And well may life moor here her shatter'd bark,  
From hence she sail'd when youth was at the  
prow ;

The dove sought shelter in the sacred Ark,  
Scared by the perils she had view'd below.  
Within these glens the citron's golden glow  
Crests not the grove by southern breezes fann'd,  
Yet would I challenge earth's wide realms  
to show

A spot that bears the stamp of Beauty's hand  
More deep than thine, my own, my native land !

And thou art free—the gilded orient wave,  
Albeit perfumed by India's spicy gales,  
Floats round the country of the crouching elave,  
Where rapine prowls, and tyranny prevails :  
But here, in Albion's green and peaceful  
vales,

Man with his fellow mortal proudly copes ;  
No despot's will the peasant's home assails,  
Nor stalks th' oppressor o'er its pastoral slopes,  
Nor reaps the stranger's hand the harvest of his  
hopes."

Finding that the lapse of years has  
deprived him of all his kindred and  
friends, he retires to a peaceful her-  
mitage, where he passes

"the quiet autumn of his age  
In such pursuits as whiled the hours away :  
From Wanderer grown to Anchorite and Sage ;  
A moonlight eve closed manhood's chequer'd  
day."

In his cell, after his death, are dis-  
covered his tablets, on which are in-  
scribed "The Wanderer's early Recol-  
lections ;" forming the third and long-  
est poem of the volume. The earlier  
portion of these Recollections, is the

admirably detailed history of an ar-  
dent but uninformed mind, conscious  
of the existence of unattained know-  
ledge, and panting for its acquisition.  
We can quote only a few short and  
detached passages.

"My youth hath been in quiet musings spent,  
My very childhood garb'd itself in thoughts  
That were of riper years. My whole life since  
Hath been a maze of marvel, and delight  
In all the gifts wherewith the hand divine  
Hath deck'd this mortal dwelling-place of man.  
I well remember me, ere language flow'd  
In unison with the mind's eloquence,  
How my heart, laboring with its feelings deep,  
Seeking in words some utterance of its joy,  
Rejected always with a vexed disdain  
The guise uncouth in which the precious ore  
Was issued from the mine ; for harmony,  
Though unattained, was in my heart instinct :  
I felt her presence in the haunts I loved—  
She floated round me in the summer's gales ;  
I saw her impress on the mountain peaks ;  
The groves, the glades, with her voice resonant,  
Whisper'd her accents to the murmuring brooks.  
The poetry of Nature then was felt,  
Albeit not yet distinctly understood.  
I only knew that my aspirations soar'd  
Far, far above this earth's corporeal things :  
That my conceptions were beyond the scope  
Of my untaught and wild philosophy.  
All, all was mystery ; mine own sense of being—  
The restless, the resistless tide of thought  
That roll'd forever through my immo! soul,  
Was an enigma I could not resolve.

\* \* \* \*

From me the book  
Of lore was long withheld. At length 'twas  
op'd ;

The tide roll'd freely o'er my thirsty soul,  
The ban of ignorance was ta'en away,  
A veil was lifted from my darken'd eyes.

\* \* \* \*

Athwart my path a ray of sunlight fell.  
Imagination,—that in guise untrick'd  
By cunning arts of the world's fashioning,  
Had been the mistress of my constant love,  
E'en from those boyish days when first I woo'd  
With rustic boldness her capricious smiles  
Upon the summer hills,—came to me now,  
Decked in the gorgeous thoughts and stately  
rhymes

Of England's gifted bards ; to whose sweet  
songs

My mind, affrighted at severer lore,  
Had haply then almost unwitting turned.  
A spell came o'er me when those tomes I oped ;  
Mine own wild visions, all depicted clear,  
I recognised through every line dispread,  
Clad in the measure of harmonious verse,  
And flowing on in cadence musical,  
Adapted skilfully in frequent change,  
Yet with strict unity symphonious still  
To each new-born emotion of the soul.  
These, for the first time, opening on my sense,  
Seem'd the soft language of a lovelier world.

\* \* \* \*

When spake from out the brown autumnal  
woods  
The solemn voice of the expiring year,

Calling on man his spirit to attune  
To the calm cadence of her parting hymn ;  
When the serc-leaf by equinoctial gales  
Was wafted with a sound scarce audible  
To the lone harbor of some sheltering nook ;  
When summer brooks, swollen by the latter  
rains,

Did gush forth with a fuller melody ;  
When all day long upon the mountain peaks  
The fleecy clouds in denser wreaths reposed,  
And all around, tinctur'd with graver hues,  
The sober livery of the season show'd ;—  
Then would my heart its deepest sense confess  
Of thy immortal verse, O bard inspired !  
Whose holy harpings waked the wondrous song  
Of Eden's fair, but sin-polluted, bowers.  
The majesty of Nature, veiled in gloom,  
The melancholy light of her last smiles—  
All emblematic of departed joy,  
My mind with kindred pensiveness embued.

In the first blush of renovated bloom  
Worn by awakeningspring, when bees of flowers  
Grow amorous, and insect myriads sport  
All the long day on the elastic air ;  
When birds pour forth their choral songs, and  
scarce

Relax from their sweet toil through the brief  
hours

Of night's diminish'd sway ; when from the  
depths

Of heaven's clear azure, the young moon of May  
Through the green glades a glancing love-light  
sends,

Undimm'd, save that some gauzy cloud may  
float

Like sail of fairy bark athwart her track ;  
When o'er the earth a great enchanter rules,  
Joying in nature's metamorphosis,  
The visible working of his viewless wand,  
That well in times of eld might be ascribed  
To power of fay benign or genius good—  
In that sweet time, the blythest of the year,  
The heart of man, attempter'd to glad thoughts,  
Feels all its pulses beat in unison

With life's reviving call : then would my mind,  
Abandon'd to the passionate romance  
Of the soft season, yield its senses up  
To the illusions of the poet's dream ;

Wander with fair Titania o'er the meads,  
And through the moon-lit forests resonant  
With laugh of mischief-loving elves ; no maze,  
Howe'er fantastic, by thy spells conjur'd,  
Magician great of Avon's gentle shores !  
Fail'd to ensnare the homage of my heart—  
The humblest mite of all the grateful praise  
Admiring ages shall to thee accord

For a rich banquet stored with rarest eates  
Which thy unrivall'd genius hath dispread.

Nor let me here withhold thy due award,  
O courtly minstrel ! whose kind Fairy Queen  
Led my entranced steps through many a bower  
And sylvan haunt so wondrously bedight,  
None but a poet's eye might image it ;  
Nor could the splendid hues wherein all things  
Were steep'd thy fertile fancy did create,  
Have flow'd from aught but an inspired source.  
I love the graceful chivalry that hath garb'd  
Woman's fair form in attributes so bright,  
She may be placed in man's adoring mind,  
Upon a pedestal, his baser thoughts  
Dare not profane. Mine ear receives  
The stately measure of those antique rhymes

With a most deep delight. Whenever I  
Do syllable in memory's trance thy verse,  
It seems to me as if a thousand lutes  
Of fairy sweetness, touched by hands unseen,  
With melody filled all the air around ;  
Or that I heard some river lapse away  
In liquid music o'er Arcadian plains."

"The Wanderer's Early Recollections," however, do not all turn upon these high themes :

"Mine was the mood, aided by impulse warm  
Of young credulity, when aught that wears  
The female form, to man so justly dear,  
If rife with youth's fresh bloom, divine appears ;  
And if the fair one be exalted too  
Above those un-ideal shapes that throng  
The ways of vulgar life, if phrase refined,  
A voice for music framed, soft blandishments,  
And beaming smiles are added thereunto,  
She in the sanctuary of the heart is placed,  
As though she were the sole existing thing  
Worthy man's worship ; like a goddess shrined  
In the most sacred temple of the land ;  
Invested too with all that excellence  
Born of the fulness of her votary's soul."

The latter part of the Recollections exhibits equal poetical power ; but we own that we do not think the subject,—the caprice of a heartless coquette, and its effects on her lover,—deserves the talent bestowed upon it. *Materiem superabat opus.*

The next poem, "The Seal Hunters," creates a striking and delightful diversity. Mrs. Godwin paints the rigors of the polar regions with a masterly pencil. One would think she had accompanied Captain Parry in his northern expeditions.

The adventures of two young and gallant Finlanders, their voyage through the stormy Arctic Sea, their disembarkation (we had nearly said landing) on an iceberg, the drifting and destruction of their frail boat, their suffering and despair, and their ultimate deliverance, are told with a truth, a pathos, and an energy, which will greatly surprise as well as gratify the reader.

We have devoted a larger space to extracts from this volume than we can well spare ; but there is reality, and strength, and body, in Mrs. Godwin's poetry ; and, in these days, a volume of which this can be honestly affirmed, must not be lightly esteemed, or hastily discussed.

## PELHAM.\*

REVISED and improved, the second edition of *Pelham* comes in evidence how much its early praise has been confirmed by public approbation. We believe few novels have been more read, more talked of,—ay, or more criticised, (rather as if the hero were an actual and living person, than the principal character in a book), and his lively impertinences made matters of personal offence by the readers; thereby acknowledging, somewhat un-awares, the truth of the delineation. *Pelham* is the representative of a certain class: the question is neither of its mental nor its moral excellence; but does that class exist, and is the likeness taken of it an accurate one? And that, both in his talents and follies, his higher qualities and affectations, *Pelham* is a picture, as true as it is animated, of a large portion of young men of the present day, no one can deny. We have heard it objected, that it is not a representation of human nature: what human nature actually is at this period, would be a matter of some difficulty to ascertain, modified as it is by education, controlled by circumstance, and compounded of customs and costumes. The novelist must take, not make, his materials; and in all states of society, whether one of furs, feathers, and paint, *au naturel*,—or of those furs turned into muffs, those feathers waving over helmets and *barrettes*, and that paint softened into rouge and pearl-powder,—the view taken by an acute observer will be valuable as philosophy; and it is as an accurate, lively delineation of existing society, that we hold ourselves justified in predicting that *Pelham* will be a standard, as well as popular, work. There is a very clever preface, new to this edition, and some very amusing maxims: we will extract two or three for our readers' benefit.

"Do not require your dress so much to fit, as to adorn you. Nature is not to be copied, but to be axalted by art. Apelles blamed Protogenes for being *too natural*.

"Never in your dress altogether desert that taste which is general. The world considers eccentricity in great things, genius; in small things, folly.

"Remember, that none but those whose courage is unquestionable, can venture to be effeminate. It was only in the field that the Lacedemonians were accustomed to use perfumes and curl their hair.

"Never let the finery of chains and rings seem *your own* choice; that which naturally belongs to women, should appear only worn for their sake. We dignify foppery, when we invest it with a sentiment.

"The most graceful principle of dress is neatness; the most vulgar is preciseness.

"Dress contains the two codes of morality—private and public. Attention is the duty we owe to others—cleanliness that which we owe to ourselves.

"Dress so that it may never be said of you 'What a well-dressed man!'—but, 'What a gentleman-like man!'

"Nothing is superficial to a deep observer! It is in trifles that the mind betrays itself. 'In what part of that letter,' said a king to the wisest of living diplomats, 'did you discover irresolution?' 'In its *ns* and *gs*!' was the answer.

"There is an indifference to please in a stocking down at heel—but there may be a malevolence in a diamond ring.

"He who esteems trifles for themselves, is a trifler—he who esteems them for the conclusions to be drawn from them, or the advantage to which they can be put, is a philosopher."

\* *Pelham*; or, the Adventures of a Gentleman. Second edition. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1828.

## THE DISOWNED.\*

WE have seldom met with a work which calls for more minute attention than the one now before us. If there be any truth in what some writer asserts, that the most original genius must take its tone from its own times, highly indeed do the present volumes speak for their existing period; for how much must the nature of even amusement be improved, when a novel can be made the vehicle of philosophical discussion and metaphysical discovery,—not the less true and profound for being thrown out in conversations, not in essays—in a delightful fiction, instead of a treatise? We ourselves own to liking the plan of the old-fashioned gardens, where the fruits that sustained life were surrounded by borders of the flowers that adorned it. Different systems of conduct, embodied in different characters, are here developed with an accuracy and a variety which the most minute knowledge of human nature alone could have produced: from the humorous delineation of the broker, Mr. Brown, “a most excellent article”—to that of the high-minded Algernon Mordaunt, all bespeak the same power of investigation into the deep recesses of the heart, and the eye of one accustomed not only to see, but to observe—two faculties more distinct than is generally admitted.

With regard to the various characters, we have no terms too high for the praise of their excellent delineation. Perhaps Algernon Mordaunt is as fine a picture of the ideal of excellence in our nature as was ever fashioned by either philosophy or poetry. His whole story is one of the most painful but exciting interest. Clarence Linden is—but let the author speak for his other hero.

“It was neither his features nor his form, eminently handsome as they were, which gave the principal charm

to the young stranger’s appearance—it was the strikingly bold, buoyant, frank, and almost joyous, expression which presided over all. *There* seemed to dwell the first glow and life of youth, undimmed by a single fear, and unbaffled in a single hope. *There* were the elastic spring, the inexhaustible wealth of energies, which defied, in their exulting pride, the heaviness of sorrow and the harassments of time. It was a face that while it filled you with some melancholy foreboding of the changes and chances which must in the inevitable course of fate cloud the openness of the unwrinkled brow, and soberise the fire of the daring and restless eye, instilled also within you some assurance of triumph, and some omen of success:—a vague but powerful sympathy with the adventurous and cheerful spirit which appeared literally to speak in its expression. It was a face you might imagine in one born under a prosperous star; and you felt, as you gazed, a confidence in that bright countenance which, like the shield of the British prince, seemed possessed with the power to charm into impotence the evil spirits who menaced its possessor.”

Then we have the young artist, possessing all the faults and the unhappiness, with all the redeeming beauty of genius;—the stern republican feeding his fierce enthusiasm, till crime seems but a harsh necessity,—brought into admirable contrast with Crauford, whose pitiful guilt is but the result of selfish and sensual indulgence. We have also the volunteer gipsy, a lover of liberty too, but satisfied with taking it himself, without either extending it to or abridging it in others;—and last, though not least, Mr. Talbot, votary and victim of vanity, whose story forms one of the most masterly episodes in the work,—the strength and weakness of *vanity* being exhibited in

\* *The Disowned*. By the Author of “*Pejham*.” 4 vols. 12mo. London, 1828.

very striking colors. There is not, however, more variety of character than of style; the serious reflection of the tasked mind succeeds some even poetical bursts of the imagination; and if there be much of grave and serious converse, it is companioned by the most lively wit. In making our extracts we will open the page and take our chance. The following passage is a beautiful specimen of the author's more serious style:

"How little, when we read the work, do we care for the author! How little do we reckon of the sorrow from which a jest has been forced, or the weariness that an incident has beguiled! But the power to fly from feeling, the recompense of literature for its heart-burnings and cares, the disappointment and the anxiety, the cavi and the 'censure sharp,'—even this passes away, and custom drags on the dull chain which enthusiasm once so passionately wore! Alas, for the age when, in the creation of fiction, we could lose the bitterness and barrenness of truth! The sorrows of youth, if not wholly ideal, borrow at least from the imagination their color and their shape. What marvel, then, that from the imagination come also their consolation and their hope? But now, in manhood, our fancy constitutes but little of our afflictions, and presents to us no avenues for escape. In the toil, the fret, the hot, the unquiet, the exhausting engrossments of maturer years, how soon the midnight lamp loses its enchantment, and the noon-day visions their spell! We are bound by a thousand galling and grinding ties to this hard and unholy earth. We become helots of the soil of dust and clay; denizens of the polluted smoke, the cabined walls, and the stony footing of the inhospitable world. What *now* have our griefs with the 'moonlit melancholy,' the gentle tenderness of our young years? Can we tell them any more to the woods and waterfalls? Can we make for them a witness of the answering sea, or the sympathizing stars? Alas! they have now neither commune nor

consolation in the voices of nature or the mysteries of romance; they have become the petty stings and the falling drops, the irritating and vexing littlenesses of life; they have neither dignity on the one hand, nor delusion on the other. One by one they cling around us, like bonds of iron; they multiply their links; they grow over our hearts; and the feelings, once too wild for the very earth, fold their broken wings within the soul. Dull and heavy thoughts, like dead walls, close around the laughing flowers and fields that so enchanted us of yore; the sins, the habits, the reasonings of the world, like rank and gloomy fogs, shut out the exulting heavens from our view; the limit of our wandering becomes the length of our chain; the height of our soarings, the summit of our cell. Fools—fools that we are, then, to imagine that the works of our later years shall savor of the freedom and aspirations of our youth; or that amidst all which hourly and momentarily recalls and binds our hearts and spirits to the eternal '*self*,' we can give life, and zest, and vigor, to the imaginary actions and sentiments of another!"

It is said a few short sentiments best elucidate the mind of a man—we will see what they will do for an author.

"We have often thought that principle to the mind is what a free constitution is to a people: without that principle, or that free constitution, the one may be for the moment as good—the other as happy; but we cannot tell how long the goodness and the happiness will continue. \* \* \*

There is no dilemma in which vanity cannot find an expedient to develop its form; no stream of circumstances in which its buoyant and light nature will not rise to float on the surface. And its ingenuity is as fertile as that of the player who (his wardrobe allowing him no other method of playing the fop) could still exhibit the prevalent passion for distinction, by wearing stockings of different colors."

How finely, but how truly, are the ensuing varieties of ambition drawn!



"The ambition of Clarence was that of circumstances rather than character; the certainty of having to carve out his own fortunes without sympathy or aid, joined to those whispers of indignant pride which naturally urged him, if disowned by those who should have protected him, to allow no breath of shame to justify the reproach: these gave an irresistible desire of distinction to a mind naturally too gay for the devotedness, too susceptible for the pangs, and too benevolent for the selfishness, of ordinary ambition. But the very essence and spirit of Warner's nature was the burning and feverish desire of fame; it poured through his veins like lava; it preyed even as a worm upon his cheek; it corroded his natural sleep; it blackened the color of his thoughts; it shut out, as with an impenetrable wall, the wholesome energies, and enjoyments, and objects, of living men; and taking from him all the vividness of the present, all the tenderness of the past, constrained his heart to dwell forever and forever upon the dim and shadowy chimeras of a future he was fated never to enjoy."

"But as we have seen that that passion for glory made the great characteristic difference between Clarence and Warner, so also did that passion terminate any resemblance which Warner bore to Algernon Mordaunt. With the former, a rank and unwholesome plant, it grew up to the exclusion of all else: with the latter, subdued and regulated, it *sheltered*, not *withered*, the virtues by which it was surrounded. With Warner, ambition was a passionate desire to separate himself by fame from the herd of other men; with Mordaunt, to bind himself by charity yet closer to his kind: with the one it produced a disgust to his species; with the other, a pity and a love: with the one, power was the badge of distinction; with the other, the means to bless! \* \* \*

"Satire is a dwarf, which stands upon the shoulders of the giant Ill-Nature; and the kingdom of verse, 50 ATHENEUM, VOL. 1, 3d series.

like that of Epirus, is often left not to him who has the noblest genius, but the 'sharpest sword.' 'Ah!' cried Mr. Perrivale, 'the wit of a satirist is like invisible writing: look at it with an indifferent eye, and, lo! there is none; hold it up to the light, and you can't perceive it; but rub it over with *your own spirit of acid*, and see how plain and striking it becomes.' \* \* \*

"Our first era of life is under the influence of the primitive feelings; we are pleased, and we laugh; hurt, and we weep; we vent out little passions the moment they are excited; and so much of novelty have we to *perceive*, that we have little leisure to *reflect*. By and by, fear teaches us to restrain our feelings: when displeased, we seek to revenge the displeasure, and are punished; we find the excess of our joy, our sorrow, our anger, alike considered criminal, and chidden into restraint. From harshness we become acquainted with deceit: the promise made is not fulfilled, the threat not executed, the fear falsely excited, and the hope wilfully disappointed; we are surrounded by systematised delusion, and we imbine the contagion. From being forced into concealing the thoughts which we do conceive, we begin to affect those which we do not: so early do we learn the two main tasks of life, to suppress and to feign, that our memory will not carry us beyond that period of artifice to a state of nature when the twin principles of veracity and belief were so strong as to lead the philosophers of a modern school into the error of terming them innate. \* \* \*

"As the petty fish, which is fabled to possess the property of arresting the progress of the largest vessel to which it clings—even so may a *single prejudice, unnoticed or despised, more than the adverse blast, or the dead calm, delay the Bark of Knowledge in the vast seas of Time.* \* \* \*

"Never get a reputation for a small perfection, if you are trying for fame in a loftier area: the world can

only judge by generals; it sees that those who pay considerable attention to minutiae, seldom have their minds occupied with great things. There are, it is true, exceptions; but to exceptions the world does not attend."

Both for its intrinsic excellence, and because it illustrates the admirable character of Mordaunt, we select, in conclusion, the ensuing passage.

" 'I believe,' answered Mordaunt, 'that it is from our ignorance that our contentions flow; we debate with strife and with wrath, with bickering and with hatred; but of the thing debated upon, we remain in the profoundest darkness. Like the laborers of Babel, while we endeavor in vain to express our meaning to each other, the fabric by which, for a common end, we would have ascended to heaven from the ills of earth, remains forever unadvanced and incomplete. Let us hope that knowledge is the universal language which shall re-unite us. As, in their sublime allegory, the Romans signified, that only through virtue we arrived at honor, so let us believe, that only through knowledge can we arrive at virtue!' 'And yet,' said Clarence, 'that seems a melancholy truth for the mass of the people, who have no time for the researches of wisdom.' 'Not so much so as at first we might imagine,' answered Mordaunt: 'the few smooth all paths for the many. The precepts of knowledge it is difficult to extricate from error; but, once discovered, they gradually pass into maxims: and thus what the sage's life was consumed in acquiring, become the acquisition of a moment to posterity. Knowledge is like the atmosphere,—in order to dispel the vapor and dislodge the frost, our ancestors felled the forest, drained the marsh, and cultivated the waste; and we now breathe without an effort, in the purified air and the chastened climate,—the result of the labor of generations and the progress of ages! As, to-day, the common mechanic may equal in science, however inferior in genius, the friar whom his contemporaries feared as a magician,—so the

opinions which now startle as well as astonish, may be received hereafter as acknowledged axioms, and pass into ordinary practice. We cannot even tell how far the sanguine theories of certain philosophers deceive them, when they anticipate, for future ages, a knowledge which shall bring perfection to the mind, baffle the diseases of the body, and even protract, to a date now utterly unknown, the final destination of life: for Wisdom is a palace of which only the vestibule has been entered; nor can we guess what treasures are hid in those chambers, of which the experience of the past can afford us neither analogy or clue.'"

We could have wished to introduce that most exquisite picture of childhood, the daughter of Isabel St. Leger; some of Lord Aspeden's diplomatic quotations and compliments; and some of Mr. Brown's presents: but our limits have already rather been devoted to the *Disowned* in a proportion due to its superior excellence, than according to our usual scale of novel reviewing. We must therefore content ourselves with pointing attention to the admirable colloquies between Talbot and Clarence, and, above all, to those in which Algernon Mordaunt takes a part. The last scene in which the latter appears is almost a perfect specimen of imagination working up reality to the most intense pitch of interest. Such being the prominent characteristics of this publication, it must command a far higher and wider scope of readers than the ordinary class of novel devourers, though even for these it possesses every possible attraction. In a word, we have no hesitation in acknowledging the author to be one of the foremost writers of our day; and his works to maintain not merely a very elevated, but a very original station, as far removed from the class of fashionable novels as they differ from those founded on historical data.

Altogether, if *Pelham* justly raised for its author a very high character, the *Disowned* will raise it far higher.

*Letters from the West.*  
LETTERS FROM THE WEST.\*

THE author of this elegant and amusing, if not instructive, volume, has for some time possessed the flattering opinion of the literary and ingenious part of the North American Republic, and his pretensions to a successful cultivation of classic and elegant literature have been acknowledged by European critics. But Judge Hall's acquirements and propensities are the very reverse of what we are accustomed to behold in English judges. He has contented himself with what is elegant, and has not sacrificed his repose, or injured his health in diving into the profound, or piercing the intricacies of study. An English judge, moreover, is seldom seen to travel, except on the circuits, or from his chambers to Westminster Hall, and he looks the *beau ideal* of saturnine wisdom. The American judge, on the contrary, is absolutely erratic and peregrinacious; he thinks no more of a journey of a thousand miles over pools and swamps, and through wilds and deserts, to the western country, than an English judge thinks of his progress through the blind alleys and crooked paths of his profession to a peerage and a provision for his family. Our author's style, to our sober English tastes, is by far too flowery and ornate. He luxuriates in tropes and figures, and is as redundant of epithets as honest Sancho was of his proverbs. But Judge Hall is strongly imbued with innumerable transatlantic prejudices against the land of his sires. He is every inch an American. We can partially forgive him his prejudices, because many of them have afforded us much mirth; and of the whole of them we may say, what Mr. Rose said of the Orders in Council which brought the two nations to hostility, "that though unjust in themselves, they were justifiable as mea-

sures of retaliation." We should say that all such prejudices as our author exhibits ought to be left solely to the vulgar; although we must confess, that persons paramount in our periodical literature, have shown themselves by far more iniquitously vituperative against America, than Judge Hall is jocosely detractory of England. But much of what Judge Hall sets down, is useful, sterling sense, though a certain part of John Bull's family may call it prejudice. Thus, speaking of the settlers in America, he says, "Here is no holy alliance, no trafficking in human blood, no sceptre to be obeyed, no mitre to be worshipped. Here they find not merely a shelter, but they become proprietors of the soil, and citizens of the state.

The following is the author's description of the "Scenery of the Ohio."—"The heart must indeed be cold that would not glow among scenes like these. Rightly did the French call this stream *La Belle Rivière*, (the beautiful river.) The sprightly Canadian, plying his oar in cadence with the wild notes of the boat-song, could not fail to find his heart enlivened by the beautiful symmetry of the Ohio. Its current is always graceful, and its shores every where romantic. Everything here is on a large scale. The eye of the traveller is continually regaled with magnificent scenes. Here are no pigmy mounds dignified with the name of mountains, no rivulets swelled into rivers. Nature has worked with a rapid but masterly hand; every touch is bold, and the whole is grand as well as beautiful; while room is left for art to embellish and fertilize that which nature has created with a thousand capabilities. There is much sameness in the character of the scenery; but that sameness is in itself delightful, as it consists in the recur-

\* Letters from the West; Containing Sketches of Scenery, Manners, and Customs; and Anecdotes connected with the first Settlements of the Western Sections of the United States. By the Hon. Judge Hall. Svo. London, 1828.

rence of noble traits, which are too pleasing ever to be viewed with indifference; like the regular features which we sometimes find in the face of a lovely woman, their charm consists in their own intrinsic gracefulness, rather than in the variety of their expressions. The Ohio has not the sprightly fanciful wildness of the Niagara, the St. Lawrence, or the Susquehanna, whose impetuous torrents, rushing over beds of rocks, or dashing against the jutting cliffs, arrest the ear by their murmurs, and delight the eye with their eccentric wanderings. Neither is it like the Hudson, margined at one spot by the meadow and the village, and overhung at another by threatening precipices and stupendous mountains. It has a wild, solemn, silent sweetness, peculiar to itself. The noble stream, clear, smooth, and unruffled, sweeps onward with regular majestic force. Continually changing its course, as it rolls from vale to vale, it always winds with dignity, and avoiding those acute angles, which are observed in less powerful streams, sweeps round in graceful bends, as if disdaining the opposition to which nature forces it to submit. On each side rise the romantic hills, piled on each other to a tremendous height; and between them, are deep, abrupt, silent glens, which at a distance seem inaccessible to the human foot; while the whole is covered with timber of a gigantic size, and a luxuriant foliage of the deepest hues. Sometimes the splashing of the oar is heard, and the boatman's song awakens the surrounding echoes; but the most usual music is that of the native songsters, whose melody steals pleasantly on the ear, with every modulation, at all hours, and in every change of situation."

Of the emigration to the back country, the author says, "Each raft (on the Ohio) was eighty or ninety feet long, with a small house on it, and on each was a stack of hay, round which several horses and cows were feeding, while the ploughs, wagons, pigs, children, and poultry, carelessly distribut-

ed, gave to the whole more the appearance of a permanent residence than of a caravan of adventurers seeking a home. A respectable-looking old lady, with 'spectacles on nose,' was seated on a chair at the door of one of the cabins, employed in knitting; another female was at the wash-tub; the men were chewing their tobacco; and the various family vocations seemed to go on like clock-work. In this manner these people travel at a slight expense. They bring their own provisions; their raft floats with the stream, and honest Jonathan, surrounded with his scolding, grunting, squalling and neighing dependants, floats to the point proposed without leaving his own fire-side." Our author thus describes his passage over the falls of the Ohio. "The business of preparation creates a sense of impending danger; the pilot stationed on the deck, assumes command; a firm and skilful helmsman guides the boat; the oars, strongly manned, are vigorously plied to give the vessel a *momentum* greater than that of the current, without which the helm would be inefficient. The utmost silence prevails among the crew; but the ear is stunned with the sound of rushing waters; and the sight of waves dashing and foaming and whirling among the rocks and eddies below, is grand and fearful. The boat advances with inconceivable rapidity to the head of the channel, takes the *chute*, and seems no longer manageable among the angry currents, whose foam dashes upon her deck; but, in a few moments, she emerges from their power, and rides again in serene waters."

Judge Hall's work is interspersed with amusing descriptions, characteristic anecdotes, narratives of incidents, and reminiscences of local history and personal adventures. There are also facts of a nature to awaken serious reflections in the European politician; and Judge Hall's nationality, though often ridiculous, is never offensive; for it is accompanied with much truth, an hilarity of spirits, a vivacious manhood, and it is without personal rancor.

## SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

## "Serene Philosophy!"

She springs aloft, with elevated pride,  
Above the tangling mass of low desires,  
That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd,  
The heights of Science and of Virtue gains,  
Where all is calm and clear."

THE AURORA BOREALIS, AS IT AP-  
PEARS IN RUSSIA.

THE northern hemisphere has its delights as well as the southern. One of these arises from the contemplation of that beautiful phenomenon called the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights. Such a phenomenon is of frequent occurrence at St. Petersburg. According to the meteorological tables of twenty years, northern lights appeared on an average twenty-one times in each year. In the year 1774, they appeared forty-eight times. From 1782 to 1786 they decreased, having been seen only one hundred and ten times during that period, and only thirty-nine times from 1787 to 1791. This diminution in the yearly number of northern lights has continued more or less ever since; and looking for illustration at the tables of the same two years nearer us, which has supplied us with other data, namely, 1818 and 1819, I find that in the former year northern lights occurred only six, and in the latter twelve times. At the close of last autumn, this curious phenomenon appeared on one occasion, magnificently bright. The sky was illuminated from the horizon to the zenith, extending east and west to a considerable distance. Masses of fire in the form of columns, and as brilliant as the brightest phosphorus, danced in the air, and streaks of a deeper light, of various sizes, rose from the horizon and flashed between them. The brightness of the former seemed at times to grow faint and dim. At this conjuncture the broad streaks would suddenly shoot with great velocity up to the zenith with an undulating motion and a pyramidal form. From the columns, flashes of

light, like a succession of sparks from an electric jar, flew off and disappeared; while the streaks changed their form frequently and rapidly, and broke out in places where none were seen before, shooting along the heavens, and then disappearing in an instant. The sky in various places became tinged with a deep purple, the stars shone very brilliantly, the separate lights gradually merged into one another, when the auroral resplendence of the horizon increased and became magnificent. This phenomenon lasted nearly four hours; and at one time a large triangle of the strongest light occupied the horizon, illuminating in the most magnificent manner nearly the entire vault of heaven. From six to seven falling stars were observed at the time, leaving in their train a very brilliant light.

## THE PROBOSCIS OF THE ELEPHANT.

The elephant has larger nasal organs than any other animal, the proboscis or trunk having a cavity similar to the nostrils, running its whole length, and terminating in very large cells in the head and face. Cuvier, however, thinks that the lower part of the cavity does not possess the sense of smell, but it is intended merely to pump up the water it uses in drinking. It is not clear, indeed, that, in other quadrupeds, the outer nostril possesses much, if any, sensibility to odors, the sense being most requisite in the upper part of the roof of the nose. The trunk of the elephant is capable of being moved in any direction; and at the very point of it, just above the nostrils, there is an extension of the skin, formed like a finger, and, indeed, answering all the purposes of one; for,

with the rest of the extremity of the trunk, it is capable of assuming different forms, and, consequently, of being adapted to the minutest objects. By means of this, the elephant can take a pin from the ground, untie the knots of a rope, unlock a door, and even write with a pen.

#### LITHOGRAPHY.

Several important improvements in the art of lithography having been communicated to the French Academy by Messrs. Chevalier and Langlumé, the members of the Academy to whom the consideration of the subject was referred, have reported that these improvements appear to them to approximate the art as nearly to perfection as it is capable of arriving.

#### CONSUMPTION.

A number of experiments has been made in France on ducks and chickens, by M. Flourens; from which he draws the following conclusions:—first, that cold exercises a constant and decided action on the lungs of animals; secondly, that the effect of that action is more rapid and serious in proportion to the youth of the animal; thirdly, that when cold does not produce an acute pulmonary inflammation, speedily mortal, it produces a chronic inflammation, which is in fact pulmonary consumption; fourthly, that heat constantly prevents the inroad of pulmonary consumption, that when it has actually commenced, heat suspends its progress, and that sometimes heat even leads to a perfect cure; fifthly, that to whatever height it may have arrived, this malady is never contagious.

#### PORTUGUESE SKILL IN SURGERY.

The Portuguese surgeons are considered to rank very low, when compared with those of other nations; but they cannot be expected to excel in so difficult an art, while they are deprived of the means of acquirement; hospitals, schools for anatomy, and dissections, being unknown in the country.

One day, a very fine girl of eight

years of age, coming from school, fell and broke her arm: an English surgeon was immediately sent for, but he being unfortunately from home, a Portuguese one was called in, who, to make assurance *trebly* sure, called in two others. This happy trio, perceiving that, from the fall, the flesh was turned blackish, determined that a mortification had already taken place, (in less than an hour, on a healthy young subject!) and, without any further ceremony, cut off the poor child's arm. The English surgeon, who had been sent for in the first instance, now attended, but only in time to lament his being from home when the accident happened; as he assured me there was not the least occasion for amputation, the fracture and bruise being no more than is usual in such accidents. Though I have here only cited one case, yet the practice is invariably the same. Off with the limb, in all fractures, is, with them, what bleeding and hot water were with Dr. Sangrado—a universal cure. I know several persons who would have lost a limb, which they now enjoy the use of, but from the interposition of the gentleman above mentioned, or from their own resolution, which the Portuguese faculty call English obstinacy.

#### GLASS.

The commission of the French Academy, to which the specimens of crown and flint glass presented to the Academy by Messrs. Thibaudau and Bontemps had been referred, has adjourned its report until it receives additional specimens, in which the flint glass is to possess greater density, and the crown glass to be of larger dimensions. M. Arago, in order to show still more how unfounded is the general opinion of the ease with which crown glass can be fabricated, informed the Academy that he knew an optician in Paris who was stopped in the construction of an important instrument by the impossibility of procuring for it pieces of crown glass of sufficient size.



## VARIETIES.

"Come, let us stray  
Where Chance or Fancy leads our roving walk."

## SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WE really wish that Sir Walter Scott would not devote his great genius to the furtherance of the belief in ghosts, witches, and persons with supernatural power. There is scarcely any one of his glorious series of novels which has not in it some blemish of this kind,—some prognostic verified, or some *bond fide* ghost at once. Even in *Waverley*, in which probably there are fewer faults than in any, there is the Bodach Glas—while *Guy Mannering* is wholly founded upon a 'gipsy's prophecy,' which is the alias its dramatizer has appended to the title. But now, he has written a regular apology, if not defence, of the belief. The annual entitled the *Keepsake*, for 1829, opens with an absolute argument in favor of the possibility of human beings possessing supernatural power, from his most influential pen. Now Sir Walter really should recollect that all this goes far beyond a joke. If his lucubrations were confined to the buyers of a guinea-book, probably the extent of the evil would be the making a few young ladies rather timorous at twilight, or perhaps breaking the rest of some antiquated lady of quality. But these things are copied into newspapers, and read by the mass of man and womankind, and, in those minds in which the relics of these hateful superstitions are still lingering, we speak quite seriously when we say that we doubt not they have the most pernicious effect. If matters were left alone, we cannot but think that in these days this sort of thing would quietly fade away; but, at all events, the progress of education would crush it effectually. Why, then, should Sir Walter strive to pamper up these superstitions in their old age, and to give them renewed influence and vigor.

## GOLDSMITH'S POETRY.

WE may judge of the value of some contemporary criticism, by the opinions of the most popular of Goldsmith's poems, when first published. Dr. Kenrick, for example, pronounced "The Traveller" to be "flimsy;" and he sneeringly said of the "Deserted Village," that it was "pretty," but deficient in "fancy, dignity, genius, and fire."

## PRINTED ORATORY.

THE wreath which many a melting congregation has bound round the brows of an admired pulpit orator, has often been untwined by the hand of his own printer.

## ANTIPATHIES.

ULADISLAUS, King of Poland, ran away at the sight of apples; Henry III., of France, could not endure a cat; the celebrated Scaliger was thrown into convulsions at the sight of cresses; Erasmus could not taste fish without falling into a fever; an Englishman (name unknown) is said to have died from reading the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah; Cardinal Henry de Cardonne swooned at the smell of a rose; Tycho Brahe, the celebrated Danish astronomer, trembled at the sight of a hare or a fox; Cardan, the famous philosopher, could not bear eggs; the poet Ariosto abhorred baths; Crassus had an insuperable dislike to bread; Cæsar de Lascalle could not endure the sound of cymbals.

## EXORBITANT TITHES.

THE clergy of Lisbon (if I recollect right, it is an exclusive grant to one convent, all the members of which are, and must be, of noble families) claim every tenth fish that is brought to market; and no fisherman dares sell a single fish from his boat, before

he has brought them to market and paid his tithe, which is collected in a most unjust and arbitrary manner. A man is appointed by these priests, who attends as the boats arrive, the owners of which are obliged to count all their fish out before him, one by one; and while they are so doing, he selects, at his pleasure, every fine fish he sees (by means of a sharp hook which he holds for that purpose): he does not take every *tenth* fish promiscuously, but thus selects the *best tenth of the whole cargo*. As an amazing quantity of fish is brought to market, this tenth, (which, after serving themselves, is retailed to hawkers and the stalls,) must produce an immense revenue to the convent, or convents. When this tithe is thus selected, the poor fisherman, in return, receives a printed permit to dispose of the remainder; and the hawkers, who carry fish in baskets through the city, are obliged to purchase, *daily*, a permit for so doing.

#### A NICE DISTINCTION.

"Before I begin to drink, my business is over for the day."—"My business is over for the day, when I begin to drink."

#### CHINESE GEOGRAPHY.

Till very lately, the Chinese, in their maps of the earth, set down the Celestial Empire in the middle of a large square, and dotted round it the other kingdoms of the world, supposed to be 72 in number, assigning to the latter ridiculous or contemptuous names. One of these, for example, was Siao-gin-que, or the Kingdom of Dwarfs, whose inhabitants they imagined to be so small as to be under the necessity of tying themselves together in bunches, to prevent their being carried away by the kites. In 1668, the Viceroy of Canton, in a memorial to the Emperor, on the subject of the Portuguese embassy, says, "we find very plainly that Europe is only two little islands in the middle of the sea." With such ideas of other nations, it is not wonderful that they should consider the embassies and presents sent to them as marks of submis-

sion, and hasten to write down the donors on their maps, as tributaries of the Chinese Empire.

#### ABSENTEES

Soon become detached from all habitual employments and duties; the salutary feeling of home is lost; early friendships are dissevered, and life becomes a vague and restless state, freed, it may seem, from many ties, but yet more destitute of the better and purer pleasures of existence.

#### ELYSIAN SOUP.

The French have a soup which they call "*Potage à la Camerani*," of which it is said "a single spoonful will lap the palate in Elysium; and while one drop remains on the tongue, each other sense is eclipsed by the voluptuous thrilling of the lingual nerves!"

A father had three sons, in whose company he was walking, when an old enemy of his came running out of an ambush, and inflicted a severe wound upon him before any of the bystanders could interfere. The eldest son pursued the assassin, the second bound up his father's wound, and the third swooned away. Which of the sons loved his father best?

When Demetrius conquered the city of Magara, and everything had been plundered by his soldiers, he ordered the philosopher Stilpon to be called before him, and asked him whether he had not lost his property in this confusion? "No," replied Stilpon, "as all I possess is in my head."

The forthcoming Novel, entitled the Castilian, written by the Author of Gomez Arias, is said to relate to that interesting period in the annals of Spain, when Don Pedro and his brother, the Count of Trastamara, contended for the sovereignty of Castile. It is likewise understood to embrace that romantic era in English history, when the Black Prince and his knights performed such prodigies of valor, though opposed to the united chivalry of France and Spain.